

Southern Churchman

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RICHMOND, VA., MARCH 31, 1923.

No. 13.



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**Thoughts
For the Thoughtful**

Life and religion are one thing, or
neither is anything.—George MacDon-
ald.

Whoever will do good will find life
too short for the work he will find to
do.—Ex.

'Twas a thief spoke the last kind
word to Christ.

It will not do to trust our feelings
for an hour, but it is safe to rely on
God's Word forever.

Today a new light fills the sky,
And over earth resounds the strain
Of countless voices echoing,
"On the third day He rose again."

Meditation is but canning your best
fruit for future consumption.

All the way He maketh bright;
It was dark, but He is Light;
It was weary, He is Rest
He our End, as He our Quest.
Wandering sinner, striving saint,
Prisoner hopeless of complaint,
Courage kindles now anew;
Christ the Lord is risen for you!
—Kimball.

Common people heard the Master
gladly. That is, because He brought
religion out of the lowland of specula-
tion and theorizing, and put it within
the grasp of peasants and fishermen.
Let us guard ourselves against making
difficult what Christ made easy. His
yoke is easy and His burden light. The
great words of our faith are brief as
well as few.—C. C. Albertsen.

"Beyond the darkness, light; beyond
the scathe
Healing; beyond the Cross, a palm-
branch tree;
Beyond Death, Life! on evidence of
Faith:
I lift mine eyes to see.
—Christina Rossetti.

And doth the Saviour weep
Over His people's sins,
Because we will not let Him keep
The souls He died to win?
Ye hearts that love the Lord,
If at this sight ye burn in
See that in thought, in deed, word,
Ye hate what made Him mourn.
—Keble.

As you sit thinking of man's frag-
mentariness, his certainty of death, his
doubt about his future, let this voice
come to you, a voice strong with per-
sonality, and sweet and strong with
love: "I am He that liveth, and was
dead; and am alive for evermore."—
Phillips Brooks.

"Without the way, there can be no go-
ing;
Without the truth, there can be no
knowing;
Without the life, there can be no grow-
ing.
Since Christ is the way, we ought to
walk in Him;
Since Christ is the truth, we ought
to trust Him;
Since Christ is the life, we ought to
live in Him.
Thou who art the way, lead us,
Thou who art the truth, teach us;
Thou who art the life, continue to
love and live in us."

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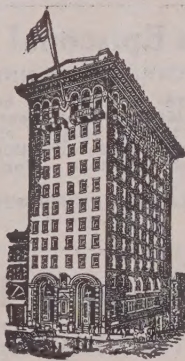
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EDITORIALS

Vol. 88.

RICHMOND, VA., MARCH 31, 1923.

No. 13.

EASTER

Easter is not only a gospel, it is an instinct. Its gospel is the more triumphant because all our deepest instincts do pour into it like tributaries which swell the channel of a rushing river. We look out upon the world in these days of Spring. Through the lingering winter of March, we have seen at least the fugitive glimpses of the brighter days that lengthen. Now and again the skies are blue. There is the flash of the wing of a bird come back from the South. The first flowers of Spring are in the gardens, and on the sunny days the air is athrill with the vibrant

pulse of all living things awaking from the Winter sleep. It is natural to us, therefore, to hail the Gospel of the Easter-tide. It is not hard for us to believe it to be true. Rather it would be hard not to believe it. There throbs through us the consciousness of a great reality to which all the universe must be in tune. Life must be stronger than death; light more triumphant than the darkness; and on the horizon of the soul, as on the crest of the springtime hills, hope and faith stand poised with the brightness of the morning on their wings.

VICTORY FROM DEFEAT

One day in Jerusalem three crosses were lifted on a hill. On two of them were thieves. On the third was one whom some called the Prophet of Nazareth, but whom a little band of inconspicuous folk believed in as the Messiah whom the ages had waited for. Yet all their Messianic hope seemed mocked by the crown of thorns upon His head. The multitudes derided Him. The chief priests flung up to Him their cruel taunt, "He saved others; Himself He cannot save." In the glare of the Roman torches in the Garden of Gethsemane the night before, His own disciples had fled away and left Him. Peter had denied Him to His face in Caiaphas's hall. From the Cross, He looked down upon a sea of hostile faces, and saw only here and there a face that loved Him and anguished for His pain. As part of the day's callous business, the Roman soldiers gambled for the clothes of which they had stripped Him. When the day was waning, they thrust a spear into His side to make sure that He was dead. They gathered their files together and marched off with swords clanking indifferently, back to the city. The crowd likewise melted away. The thieves were dead. The strange Pretender out of Nazareth was as dead as they. He had met His test, and this was the end of it.

What did He leave, this man who had died on His Cross? To all apparent seeming, nothing. The Roman soldiers had taken His garments. He had never had any houses or lands to leave anybody. He had gone about His ministry, having no place of His own, where even to lay His head. He had not written anything. He had not built up any great system, political, ecclesiastical, or of any other kind. He had only led a little group of men and women to love Him, and even they did not understand Him very well, nor were they fashioned as yet into stuff that appeared able to be faithful to Him.

Against these facts, set the contrasting ones. It was nearly nineteen hundred years ago that the Roman guard streamed away and left the Figure on the Cross whom they imagined to be once for all disposed of. If that had been the end, as they thought it was the end, His Name might centuries ago have been forgotten. Yet today in countless places great multitudes of people meet to refresh their spirits in His Name. Far away in Alaska, by the shores of frozen rivers, little groups of Indians

will come to hear from the missionary the story of Him who was dead but rose again and is alive for evermore. In the crowded cities of China, men will turn from the background of that ancient civilization to listen to the calling of the Easter bells. In the most distant islands of the sea are little Churches where the same message of Easter will be proclaimed. And in those nations which we call most enlightened, those nations which stand in the vanguard of modern civilization, most conspicuously of all is the faith which finds its centre in the Crucified established. By country crossroads, in little villages, in raw towns of the West, in Churches rich in beauty and tradition, in old cathedrals and in new ones climbing stone on stone, He who died alone and rejected, is lifted up today before the adoration of innumerable souls who count no beauty nor lavishness of devotion too great to bring to Him. The Cross itself, which once was a symbol only of defeat and shame, the Cross which once was a stark thing, brutal and destroying, that rose against the darkening sky upon a tragic hill, has been transformed into the symbol of a conquering faith. Instead of the blood-stained wood, it has become the jeweled symbol upon the altar. Instead of the instrument of doom lifted by the hands of Roman soldiers, it has become the banner of an unshaken gladness lifted on white spires against the sky.

What has made this contrast possible? Can men explain it by delusion? Can they say that these mighty effects which go on increasing through centuries came from no cause save an imagination? All sane conceptions of our universe smile at so futile a suggestion. The existence of the Christian Church, the triumphant power of the Name of Christ, the undying mastery of His spirit over the choicest spirits of every generation, testify to the reality of that which the disciples have told us came to pass. A river does not continue to flow from an empty spring. Life is not created out of death, but only out of life which death has not been able to overthrow. We know that Jesus rose again, and lived, and lives, because only His vital presence could have created again that power in the disciples' hearts which made the early Church. The Gospel of the Resurrection is read most flamingly, not in what they wrote of Him, but in what He wrote in them

WHAT AMERICA OWES THE OLD WORLD

The League of Nations is a strange phenomenon. If one saw it reflected in the various conceptions which different people have had of it, it would seem to have gone through amazing metamorphoses. It was a great vision of world redemption. Next, it was a dream and a vagary. Then it was a dead hope, slain by a cynical and more powerful reality. Then of late, in the eyes of its opponents, it has become a kind of uneasy menace stubbornly rising from the dead, about to swallow up, if one may believe our alarmed isolationists, all that is worthwhile in our American independence—a fearsome, devouring thing, a combination of mastodon, sabre-toothed tiger, hyena, and boa-constrictor. Meanwhile, although those who fear it must act toward it with such trepidation as though it were very much alive, it is also part of the orthodox opposition to declare in the same breath that it is safely and properly dead.

Meanwhile, this League, at once alive and dead and buried, this creature amazingly made up of angel wings and cloven hoofs and dragon teeth all at once, goes on very quietly being the thing it is. It is not yet the assured deliverance of our generation from the curse of war which those who conceived it dreamed of. It is a long way from being perfect. It is crippled by grave limitations. But it is functioning as perhaps the most hopeful single reality in international relationships today. It is challenging still the mind and conscience of the American people, nor will that mind and conscience ever be at rest until the challenge is answered.

In Easter-week Lord Robert Cecil of England is coming to America to interpret the present meaning of the League. Miss Maude Royden has recently been pleading its cause in many cities of this country; and very nobly has she done it.

Speaking at one of her last appearances in America, she took as her subject, "What America Owes to the Old World." The heart of her message was that America owes some restoration of the hope which was taken away when the League was repudiated here. She was scrupulously fair to all the spirit of America. She recognized explicitly those elements in the League which had caused revulsion among some consciences sincerely concerned about the problem of world peace. The League is part of the Treaty of Versailles, which many have held to be cruel and impossible. Parts of its constitution seem to guarantee present political arrangements of Europe, some of which embody grave national wrongs. Therefore, Miss Royden by no means sought to make any facile classification by which all conscientious and unselfish people would be classed as friends of the League, and the opposite sort as its enemies. She said, too, that it had been explained to her that no clear referendum on the League had been given by the American people, because the issue of our foreign relationships had been inextricably combined with other matters of party politics; but then her voice dropped to the strangely haunting, tragic undertone which is characteristic of her when she is deeply moved, and she asked, "If you did do that, if you did make the thing on which the hope of an all but dying world depended, into the sport of party politics, then have the peoples of Europe done anything more evil than that?"

She pointed out how gravely the action of America is associated with the frantic militarism of some of the

little nations of Europe today. Americans ask, she said, with reason, why those little countries, such as Poland, and Czecho-Slovakia, are with one hand receiving aid for their starving people, and with the other hand spending great sums of money for standing armies. It is, of course, a vicious contradiction; but to appraise it rightly, one must understand its cause. The League of Nations stood to the little peoples of Europe as the one promised influence for a better international order which might make the old reliance on the sword unnecessary. But America rejected it—America who preeminently among the nations, by her strength and her detachment, had most ground to trust in better things. When America repudiated the League, a sort of frantic disillusionment fell upon those peoples. If America could not trust in it, how could they? And if, therefore, today they are multiplying their armaments, is it not America which has taken away the better trust that might have held them back from that fierce obsession? They were like men in whom hope has been mortally wounded, and a hope that seems lost, leaves men more disturbed than if the hope had never been entertained.

What Europe is seeking from America is some constructive policy toward the League. The American people may dislike many elements in it; but on what terms would they be willing to accept it? What are the specific amendments they desire? Let America at least say that, she pleaded, for Europe is willing to listen and to try to cooperate with any better guidance which America can give. Where is the Association of Nations that Mr. Harding promised to work for when he was campaigning? What creative thing can America give in place of, or as an improvement upon, that one organized hope of international justice which her repudiation so deeply stabbed?

In reply to a question as to what women specifically could do, Miss Royden made a glorious answer. She pointed out, in the first place, the intolerable cost of modern war as it falls upon the men. Civilization has refined the human race to a point where it can no longer endure the slaughter and degradation which modern war is made of. It is the business of the women to do their utmost to see that the men of the race shall not have to pass again through this intolerable ordeal; and it is the women who can furnish the ideal by which alone a better world-order can be built. For centuries, Miss Royden said, women had watched the steam lift the lid of the kettle, but they waited till some man came to teach them that that same steam could be made to turn the wheels of the productive energies of the world. For centuries these same women have known that only love can build a home; must they wait, Miss Royden asked, until some man shall come to proclaim that only love can build a world?

Such in part has been the message which a very frail, limping figure has brought by the power of a spirit inspired by a great belief. Can America, for her soul's sake, be deaf to that challenge? Those who feel ashamed of our present futility in international affairs must not be silent. From innumerable voices, in private conversation, and in public address when the opportunity for its offers, those who are determined that America shall yet justify the hope which the League of Nations created, must rouse public opinion until its new awareness shall be crystallized into an effective will.

EASTER EVEN.

Gently, oh mother earth, receive thy Son,

For He would linger here with thee, till dawn;

Hands ever one with life, claim death's caress;

The Heart that woke thy soul, sleeps on thy breast!

Gently, oh mother earth, enfold thy Son;

He must arise, and leave, before the dawn;

Dust of thy ways, then, changed and glorified,

Awake up in His Image, satisfied!

—Lilla Vass Shepherd.

Every one of us is privileged to say: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil." In the deepest gloom of this valley, as we grope through with those who are dearest to us, as we must some day go through it alone, we can hear the ring of the Shepherd's staff, as He finds the way for us.—Selected.

How did the Lord keep Easter? With His own!
Back to meet Mary where she grieved alone,
With face and mien all tenderly the same
Into the very sepulchre He came.

THE GOOD NEWS OF THE RESURRECTION

:: E A S T E R P O E M S ::

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

The Meeting Place

There fell a sudden spring-time clutch
Upon my heart today;
It was Dame Nature's mystic touch
To hale me forth to play.
Her feet were clad in dancing shoon,
She wore a wood-green gown;
She seemed to breathe a silver tune
That wrapt her, foot to crown.
She piped me forth with deep intent,
To weave a magic art;
With bud and bloom, and lovely scent,
She stabbed me to the heart;
With dandelions gleaming white,
With lambs that skipped about.
With every green and growing sight,
She made my joy gush out.
And so we came in love together
To where my garden lay,
Drunk with the heady draught of weather
That is the gift of May.
So dear it was, that darling sight,
I spoke what I believe:
"I sometimes think, in my delight

That God walks here at eve."
There ran a ripple through the breeze,
The flowers drew together,
A hint of mirth was in the trees,
In nest and bird and feather.
"There was another long ago."
I think the flowers cried,
"Who in a garden did not know
The Wonder by her side."
Breathless I turned to Nature's face,
She bent on me her eyes.
Oh, still and lovely meeting-place!
Oh, leap of wild surprise!
Oh, utter joy! Oh, love complete!
I eagerly fell down;
I sought to kiss the shining feet,
To clutch the wood-green gown.
But He was gone—my Lord withdrew,
The garden bowed its head.
"You did not know? We always knew,"
The smallest blossom said.

—Reprinted from The Atlantic Monthly.

Easter Trumpets

I met the herald jonquils
Amid the grass today,
They trooped, the little trumpeters,
In glad and green array;
Each held a golden bugle,
And each a spear of green,
They said that they were messengers
From April's misty queen.

Spring gave a swift direction,
A hidden countersign,—
Mayhap it was the blue bird's pipe,—
They straightened up in line;
There came a rushing whisper,
A mystic sudden breeze;
It tossed their little horns on high,
Their trumpets to the trees.

They blew a golden message,
A shout of love and spring,
A tip-toe blast of just one word—
A word for stars to sing;
They tossed their living trumpets,
The word they blew and blew—
And the word, O Lord of Life, the word
Was You! You! You!

—Reprinted from The Atlantic Monthly.

The Little Brown Bulbs

The little brown bulbs went to bed in the
gound,
In their little brown nighties they slept
very sound,
And winter he roared and he raged over head,
Yet never a bulb turned over in bed.

But when Spring came tiptoeing over the lea,
Her finger on lips, just as still as could be,
The little brown bulbs at her very first tread
All split up their nighties, and jumped out of bed!

They jumped out of bed, and they bowed to the
breeze;
They laughed at the chickens, the lambs, and the
trees,
And with gay little gowns for Easter Day
They worshiped the Lord in their own pretty
way.

THE GOOD NEWS OF THE RESURRECTION

By the Right Reverend Neville S. Talbot, D. D.

Bishop of Petoria, South Africa

THE Resurrection was the ratification of the faith of Jesus. As the centre of the Gospel—the Good News—it can never be understood except in the light of what the world was to Jesus. The world to Him was still in the making, and man, too, in its midst, still in the making. All was in the creative hands of the living God. The whole visible order of existence was enveloped by a world of spiritual energy and life ready to be released at the touch of sacrificial faith and love. There was, as it were, a feast spread for those who could respond to the invitation and come and partake. There were recovery, deliverance, healing both of body and soul immediately available. And all this because of the Father and because it was His world.

Nothing, indeed, could be further from Jesus' interpretation of life than the idea of God as resting in some sabbatical peace in heaven, an external Spectator to Life's strange drama, an Architect of a system which He had fashioned and left to itself to run automatically, a Stranger occasionally and arbitrarily intervening from outside in a sphere normally beyond His care. Rather life to Jesus was wonderful, dramatic, potential, shot through and through with new possibilities, because over against men—wrapping them round and sustaining them—was the constant and immediate and active Presence of the Being, who had made them for Himself, to be sharers as sons in His purposes of unvarying and inexhaustible love.

So Jesus said and so He lived. And in the end He found no one able or willing to share His faith. He looked for brethren who with Him should respond as sons to the Father, should partake with Him of the feast. But in the end He was left brotherless. In the end He was alone at the feast. Nothing kept Him back, though almost anything sufficed to keep others. Apathy, skepticism, ignorance, half-heartedness met his invitation. Selfishness, antagonism to change, jealousy, closed in on Him. Faithlessness and fearfulness betrayed and denied Him. But nothing kept Him back from yielding to the Father the entire response of a son. So He went alone into the darkness—the darkness of Calvary, where the Father seemed to be not, where the pathetic disaccord of reality with human trust and hope seemed to reach its climax.

But He rose again. The pent-up love of the Father made answer. All that Jesus said was there in the Father's hands to be given to His children (and not to be forced on them or else they would not be treated as free children) was released. The fatherly nature of things responded. The hidden springs of life were set free. The Father vindicated the faith of Him who died, and raised Him from the dead.

Hence the essence of the Good News is about God. It is not just about Jesus. It is about that which Jesus in His crucial experiment—by His supreme venture of faith—had put in all-decisive issue. It is about the Father in whom He had trusted. It is about the world as the Father's world. It is about the ultimate nature of things. The Good News is that God is love.

That is the first thing about Christianity to remember and never forget. It is about God. Jesus had striven to link those who had followed Him to the living reality of God. But they could not grasp nor reach up to it. Yet in the Resurrection the unattainable reached them. The truth, which had been too good to be true, laid hold on them. That and nothing else gave them a gospel. That and nothing else can be the Gospel. For Jews there had ever been one all-dwarfing question—the question of God. And so with other peoples in greater or lesser degree. No Jew would ever have carried out to the world good news about Jesus if that good news had left unanswered the question of God. Nor would others have taken any lasting notice of it. For it would have left them still in the ultimate darkness, still knocking at the gate of the innermost shrine, still threatened by fundamental doubts and fears, still in bondage to themselves.

But the New Testament rings and pulses with no mere gospel about Jesus. It is a Jewish book. Its dynamic is the revelation of God, responsive to the faith of the Crucified. Its world-changing power springs from the an-

swer by God to the questions about Himself, felt more acutely by the Jews than by any other people, and finally gathered up and epitomised in the Cross of Christ.

And yet the gospel, while it is about God, is also about Jesus; while it is about the Father, it is also about the Son. What raised to its highest power the question of God was the doing to death of Jesus. That had left nothing to be done by His stricken friends but the burial of His mangled corpse, the pitiful last offices, the helpless bringing out of embalming spices—all that broken hearts find to do, though they know of its impotence in face of the finality of death.

Everything therefore sprang out of the coming back of Jesus in risen bodily presence, triumphant over the grave of death. He was the subject of the new creative act of God. It was He who had been imprisoned and overwhelmed by the sin and faithlessness of men. It was His body which was sealed in the tomb, wherein were buried with it the hopes that He had raised. I cannot believe that there is any relief for minds which are troubled about the supernatural, in theories which try to explain the Resurrection in terms of merely spiritual vision or telepathy.

Quite true we do not know what exactly is meant by the risen body of Christ. That is because it belongs to an order of things beyond the level of our normal experience. But whatever difficulty attaches to the bodily rising of Christ, far greater difficulty surrounds any other account of the matter. If Jesus had died and gone through the dark veil of death, leaving His body to corruption, no visionary or mystical assurance that His soul had survived death would have made any difference to His followers. No conviction that all was well with Him could have healed their wounded hearts. For their misery and agony was not so much about Him, as about the Father in whom He had trusted, and about themselves who had failed their Master. They were re-made—begotten again as Peter says—by the act of God which raised Jesus from the grave and restored Him bodily to them. He was given back to them out of the silence of death. The response of the Father was the return to His lovers of Him whom death had veiled and enveloped, but who was now revealed in victory over death.

Here we will only add a word which needs to be added to words so insistent on the all-importance of the Resurrection. The Resurrection was, and is, no sign to convince the incredulous. The Risen Lord was manifested not to the world at large but to those who, forsaking all, had followed Him and had been with Him in His temptations. He came back to those who had tried to share in the adventure of His faith. All through that adventure He had steadfastly and under violent pressure of temptation refused to convince men, by means of signs, of that to which He yearned to win them.

Such was, indeed, the very essence of His temptation—to sway the minds of men by the exhibition of those powers which were at His command. He would never impair the freedom of those to whom He appealed. He would never let His powers be exploited by those who came to Him merely for health or ease. He set out to win the free response of men, not the adherence of a crowd mystified by sensationalism. He knew and He said that a mere wonder, while it might startle the mind, would not win the heart. "Neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead."

It is the same today. No argumentative pleading, whether about the illegitimacy of scientific denial or about the sureness of the witness of the disciples, will really clinch for any one the truth of the Resurrection. It will only come home to those who set themselves to look at the world as Jesus looked, and to live out life as His brethren who share in His faith. That means putting to the proof that He was right about the Father. It means partaking of the feast to which old men would not come, but which yet was spread and is still spread. In other words: Those who do the will "shall know of the doctrine." Those who share in Christ's sufferings are convinced of the power of His Resurrection.

(From "The Returning Tide of Faith," by the Rt. Rev. Neville S. Talbot, D. D. Fleming H. Revell Co., Publishers.)

THE DIVINITY OF JESUS

By the Reverend Harry Emerson Fosdick, D. D.

(Conclusion.)

THE experimental approach to our subject has led me to the two things which I wish particularly to say.

In the first place, how easy it is thus to believe in the divinity of Jesus! If you say it is hard, I answer that, upon the contrary, if a man have a spiritual interpretation of life at all, this ought to be a natural, spontaneous and glad expression of his faith. We are all wrong when we make this matter of believing in the divinity of Jesus a tangled philosophical affair. It is not that in the New Testament. Those men of the New Testament were not primarily philosophers, metaphysicians, theologians. They were plain folks. I believe they would have agreed with George Eliot in Adam Bede. Said Adam Bede, "I look at it as if the doctrines were like finding names for your feelings." Just so!—Those first Christians had really found God in Christ and when they constructed doctrines they were simply giving names to their experience.

In case some one here has been puzzled about this matter because it has been tangled up with the phrases of the historic creeds—the so-called Apostles' Creed, the Nicene Creed, the Athanasian Creed—let us speak about them for a moment. Personally, I was brought up in an ecclesiastical tradition which never used those classic creeds for the expression of its faith, and never in my life have I subscribed to them or repeated them. Such was my training from my youth. But, standing thus outside the ecclesiastical tradition which has used these creeds, when I hear some fresh and flippant modern mind condescending to them, treating the fathers who wrote them as quibblers and fools, I am strongly tempted to come in from the outside and bear a hand in their defense. For much of this modern talk about the creeds is founded on sheer ignorance of the circumstances out of which they rose and the real meaning which their words convey.

Take the Nicene Creed for example. When that welled up out of the heart of the Church as the expression of the generation's best religious faith, this is the problem which the Church faced. A current philosophy that had been borrowed from the Greeks had rent God and man apart. On the one side, it put God away off, Pure Being, absolutely incapable of coming into contact with human life, and, on the other side, it put man down in the darkness of matter, incapable of being touched by the Divine. That was the current philosophy. God and man were torn utterly asunder. And that current philosophy was invading the Church and making people say that, because real God and real man never could touch each other, therefore, on the one side, Jesus could never have been really divine, but merely a superior angel, or, on the other side, when on earth He could not have been a real man but only a phantom that looked like a man. And to save her very life the Church fought that destructive philosophy which so hopelessly separated the human and divine. Now turn to the Nicene Creed and read it with that current philosophy in your thought. It is saying that very God of very God became man. To say that is its central and consuming interest. Not for the sake of theology, but for the sake of a vital religious life, the Nicene fathers broke over that hopeless chasm between the divine and the human and proclaimed to all the world that God can come into human life.

If you say that this great and necessary truth of religion was there stated in terms of that generation's philosophy, the answer is, of course, assent. What else could they do? It never would occur to me to use the Nicene Creed as the natural expression of my faith. But the pith of the matter which the Nicene Creed was driving at is my faith. It is the faith of the whole Church and if ever the Church loses it the Church is as good as dead. For Christianity is the religion of incarnation and its central affirmation is that God can come into human life.

Now, the truth that God can come into human life, which was so hard for the people of the Nicene age to believe, ought not to be hard for us. We have no more in the background of our minds that old Greek philosophy which tore God and man apart. Our poets and prophets have been singing and preaching to us for generations that, wherever God is, He is here. "Where love is, there God is also." We even sing it—

"And every virtue we possess
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone."

In our thinking no longer are God and man like oil and water that cannot mix; rather, all the best in us is God

in us. When Livingstone goes down to Africa, how can you explain it? Will you say, "God sent him"? That is true, but you must go farther than that. Will you say, "God went with him"? That is true, but you must go deeper than that. Will you say, "God went in him"? Aye, that is the Christian affirmation: God went in him.

No more characteristic distinction separates the New Testament from the Old than this. In the Old Testament God is the law-giver, who governs His people by rules, or He is a king, "that sitteth above the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers." There are other emphases, to be sure, but they are not dominant. Just as soon, however, as you step over the borders of the New Testament, you begin to find yourself in another world. Where is God in the New Testament? "God is love; and he that abideth in love abideth in God, and God abideth in him"; "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me"; "Know ye not that ye are a temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" You see, my friends, Christianity is the religion of incarnation, and its central affirmation is that God can come into human life.

When, therefore, those Christians of the New Testament rose up with joy to say that they had found God in Christ, their statement was no tangled, speculative, philosophical matter; it was the glad and spontaneous expression of their religious experience. Not if I can help it will I see Christianity reduced to lower terms than that. I hate this minimized religion, frozen, shrunk, dried up and presented in a formula. I believe in God, the real and living God, not far off, but here, and I have seen the effulgence of His spiritual glory in Jesus Christ. I will not quibble about a supposed difference that is not really there between His deity and His divinity. That distinction rests back on the old endeavor to think of God in terms of metaphysical substance, Pure Being, conceived apart from spiritual quality, and then to define Christ's relations with Him in the same terms—an endeavor useless for religion and properly outlawed from good philosophy. In everything that matters to our spiritual life, very God came to us in Christ. To be sure, nobody should ever go to Jesus, to His manger and His cross, to find the omnipotence which swings Orion and the Pleiades. Omnipotence in that sense is not revealed there. Nobody in his senses ever went to Jesus for the latest news in physics or astronomy. Omniscience in that sense is not revealed there. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father"—such was the Master's statement of the truth. That fatherly side of God—character, purpose, redeeming love—we do find incarnate in Christ.

My friends, if we have not laid hold on this central matter in terms of our own thinking, it is a cheap waste of time to criticize our fathers who did lay hold on it in terms of their thinking. So much of this modern attitude to the past discovers small faults and neglects great business. For example, Tennyson once wrote a poem that had this phrase in it: "the ringing grooves of change." He wrote that because he had just taken his first ride on a railroad train. He did not know that a railroad train ran on rails; he thought that it ran in grooves; and when next he wrote a poem, he spoke of "the ringing grooves of change." That seems to us ridiculous. There is not a four-year-old child in a New York home, we say, who does not know that a train runs on rails. Yes, but that is just the trouble with our modern age: there are multitudes of people who know that railroad trains run on rails and many other things like that, but some truths which folk like Tennyson knew well they do not know at all:

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

"Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine."

IV.

We may well dwell, in conclusion, upon the fact that this vital faith in the divinity of Jesus is important if we are going to imitate Jesus, take Him for our ideal and try to be like Him. The argument is often put in precisely

the opposite way. Sometimes in a Unitarian Church one will hear the minister say, "We want Jesus for an ideal; we want to imitate Him and try to be like Him. But if He is the incarnation of God, that separates us utterly from Him. No, He is a good man! You must think of Him that way. Then you may try to be like Him." I never heard an argument that seemed so to stand the truth on its head. Jesus is, indeed, an extraordinarily good man. As Sidney Lanier sings,

"What if or yet, what mole, what flow, what lapse,
What least defect or shadow of defect,
What rumor, tattled by an enemy,
Of inference loose, what lack of grace
Even in torture's grasp, or sleep's, or death's,—
Oh, what amiss may I forgive in Thee,
Jesus, good Paragon, Thou Chrystal Christ?"

Jesus is, indeed, a marvelously good man. His goodness was about the only thing He had with which to make His impress on the world—no wealth, no prestige, no worldly learning, nothing but His goodness—and every year that goodness looms so much the higher that there are millions of us who are sure that its chief influence lies, not behind, but ahead. He was a marvelously good man—what words can do justice to His goodness? And now, my Unitarian friend, do you mean to tell me that being a good man like that, I can cheerfully and hopefully set out to imitate Him? The proposition makes me feel like a sick man in a hospital, surrounded by other sick men, while an athlete, perfect in physique, stalks up and down before us saying, "Be like me; imitate me." Who would not like to do that? But it is not within our reach; it is beyond us. If Jesus is only a good man He is an absolutely isolated phenomenon in human history.

If, however, that is not all the truth, if He is not simply a good man, if it was God in Him who created His quality, and if the same God is seeking entrance to our lives, trying to live out in us, according to our degree and capacity, the same spirit, then we may hope. Let us say it abruptly: it is not so much the humanity of Jesus that makes Him imitable; it is His divinity. If He be only a good man, He is an isolated phenomenon, like Shakespeare or Napoleon in other realms. How can I, pulling on my own bootstraps, set out to lift myself by imitation to the likeness of such? But if Jesus is divine and if divinity hedges us all about like the vital forces which in winter wait underneath the frozen ground until the spring comes, that is a gospel! While the trees of the wood are still bare the crocuses bloom, but if they were only crocuses, that would be no good news. If, however, they reveal the vibrant life which runs through all the arteries and veins of the waiting world, that news should make all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord; for He cometh in the springtime to redeem them all.

Such is the Gospel of the New Testament about Jesus and His relationship with our lives. He is not an isolated phenomenon. He is "the first born among many brethren." "Now are we children of God, and it is not yet made manifest what we shall be. We know that, if He shall be

manifested, we shall be like Him"; "until we all attain unto the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a fullgrown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." And here in this very passage where Jesus says that He is in the Father and the Father in Him, He also prays "that they may all be one; even as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be in us."

Why is the New Testament so full of hope about redeemed humanity? Not alone because Jesus was human, but because Jesus was divine, the revelation of the living God who seeks to be incarnate in every one of us. If one says that we cannot hope to be fully equal to Him here, surely that is painfully obvious. As Emerson says, "A drop of water has the properties of the sea, but cannot exhibit a storm." So we reveal God without the deeps and tides and currents which Jesus knew, without the relationships with the world's life which His influence has sustained. Yet the God who was in Jesus is the same God who is in us. You cannot have one God and two kinds of divinity, and while like drops of water we are very small beside His sea, yet it was one of the supreme days in man's spiritual history when the New Testament started men singing that they were "children of God; and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ."

Of all foolish things I can think of nothing more foolish than to look back over our race's history, to discern amid its tragedy and struggle this one outstanding figure spiritually supreme, the "Son of the Most High," and then to cry "Minimize Him; tone down your thought of Him; reduce Him so that we can all be like Him." No! Exalt Him. If God be not in Him, God is not anywhere. Lift Him up! The best hope of the race is that the living God is in Him and through Him may flow down through all the secret runnels of the race.

A French painter once came down from the provinces where all his life he had daubed along at his painting according to his ability, and in Florence saw for the first time a magnificent painting by Titian. He never had supposed that there was anything like that in all the world. After looking at it for a long time he was heard to say with mingled humility and pride, "I, too, am a painter." So Christians stand before the Master. O Christ, Thou art the Lord of glory! Yet, Son of God, supreme, Thou hast this effect upon Thy followers, that with mingled humility and pride we say, "I, too, am a son of God."

Prayer.

Eternal God, our Father, we beseech Thee that Thou wilt give us the grace to love the highest when we see it and to believe in it with all our hearts. Give us a new and vital and living faith in Christ. He is the best we know, and because He is the best we know in man He is the finest that we know from God. Help us to live for Him and through Him that we may be sons of God, evermore to grow more like Him. In His name and for His sake we pray. Amen.

THE APPEAL OF THE MINISTRY

By Cornelius F. Trowbridge

IN writing this article one assumption must be made—and that is that a young man who is contemplating entering the ministry has already determined to spend his life in working for the establishment of God's Kingdom. The question then narrows down in the case of any particular individual to: "What profession or occupation offers me the best opportunity of bringing about that result?" To this question there can be given no categorical answer and it is not the thesis of this paper that the ministry is a preferred service. But it will be well to bear in mind from the start that the objective of the Church is the same as the assumed objective of the reader and that the Christian ministry is a body of men who have been singled out to spend their entire time in bringing about the establishment of the Kingdom. These fundamental facts are so easily forgotten!

Can we not say then that for the man who has so dedicated his life there is an initial presumption in favor of his entering the ministry? Yet, if that is the case, why are there so few men studying in the seminaries today? The answer to this last question must either be that there are very few who have so viewed their life-work or that those who do hold those views are prevented from entering the ministry because it falls short of its great ideal. For the sake of argument let us suppose that the scarcity of young "theologs" is due solely to the objections which can be raised to the profession itself. Let

us suppose that freedom of thought and speech is impossible for the orthodox clergyman; that the Church is split by petty jealousies and petty causes; that it fails to grapple with the problems of the present day; that it is a rich man's organization, not affecting the lives of the masses. Let the pile of criticism and abuse be heaped as high as you please! What then?

Three courses are open to the objector:

First: He may decide that it is impossible to work through the existing organization and may set himself the task of creating an organization through which the message of Christ may more effectively be brought to the world. Although this extreme position might be necessary in case the Church had reached the point where it had completely lost sight of the fundamental truths, it hardly seems necessary today.

Second: He may do what the great majority of men in his position have done—allow his objections to the profession to divert him into another type of profession. It would be foolish to maintain that every man who dedicates of his life to the service of God is meant to serve in the ministry—but it is equally foolish for a man whose God-given mission it is to preach the gospel to argue that he is doing his bit just as well by exerting a Christian influence in the legal profession, for example. If you deliberately thwart God's will no amount of talk will convince God, or yourself, that you are right.

Third: He may enter the ministry with his eyes open to all its faults and with his mind made up that some day the profession shall more nearly approach its ideal because he has been a member of it. After all the Church (for the purposes of this article) is not an edifice of stone and mortar, nor a body of doctrine "once for all delivered to the saints," but the company of living persons who accept Christ as their leader. If these persons have been so mis-guided as to "kick consecrated rectors with brains" out of their ranks while they allow others, who are responsible for the ministry's being regarded as offering no career to a "red-blooded man," to remain within, let us remember that perhaps this condition is the fault of

those who have been doing the job and not of the job itself. Instead, then, of repelling the red-blooded, large-visioned young college man of the day the ministry should make an especial appeal to them—for they are the ones who are needed, and needed badly.

By way of conclusion let me add that it was the writer's experience that objections to the ministry which loomed very large a year ago have, since the decision to enter it, almost disappeared and now seem very insignificant in comparison to the ever-widening opportunities for usefulness which the profession presents to one who is "On the inside."

Letters to the Editor

In this Department the Editor will at all times welcome communications expressing opinions on the various topics which are engaging the attention of the Church. But the Editor will not hold himself responsible for such opinions.

No "Letter to the Editor" will appear in our columns except over the signature of the writer.

SHALL WE BE LIBERAL?

Mr. Editor:

One discordant note, only, has been struck with regard to my custom of serving Christians of every denomination at the Lord's Table whenever we celebrate the Holy Communion in St. John's Church, as explained in my letter published in your issue of the Third. That note raises the question as to the outcome were all of our ministers as liberal and charitable.

In plain English, "If Christians are permitted to enjoy the Sacrament without the necessity for Confirmation, will not our Confirmation lists show a decided decrease?" This is unworthy of a Bishop and the acceptance of a liberal invitation to partake of the elements of the Lord's Supper to avoid Confirmation, on the part of Christians of other names, is likewise unworthy of the One who instituted the Ordinance.

Through my journalistic service I see all the leading denominational weekly papers and I have yet (in my years of reading other religious papers) to note that that question has been raised in one of them; i. e., if we are friendly with other denominations will not they take advantage of us? On the other hand, I have yet to see any evidence of exclusiveness, such as (to my deep and last regret) I note in our own press.

Other denominations exercise a delightful spirit of "give and take" with each other: we stand aloof with a "holier than thou" attitude and thank the Lord that we are "not as other men are." For instance: suppose one who is a member of the Methodist Church desires to unite with a Presbyterian Church. He may be actuated by one of many motives, all worthy enough. Upon application, his pastor issues him a letter certifying that he is a baptized (communicant) member of such-and-such Methodist Church and is, "at his own request," transferred to the pastoral care of so-and-so Presbyterian Church. That completes the transaction.

But suppose the good Methodist has members of his own family who are members of one of our own Churches and, from a desire for domestic unity, as well as because he likes our dignified worship, he desires to be with them in the Episcopal Church. What is our attitude? The average minister says to the applicant: "Of course, we will be delighted to have you become one of us. I am now instructing a class and you may join it and be confirmed when the Bishop comes!" Now, the instruction the Methodist receives in the class will be beneficial, but why the necessity for Confirmation?

I must not be misunderstood: I do not decry Confirmation: it is our way of inducting a prospective member into full (communicant) membership. But, when one has already gone through a similar rite in his own Church why should we insist upon reconfirmation?

Time and time again have I heard Bishops say to recently-confirmed persons, "This ceremony has not made you a member of the Church; your baptism did that for you." Again, it is perfectly right and proper for one of our ministers to accept the baptism of any church recognizing the Trinity in its formula and one coming to us after such baptism is never rebaptized!

If baptism makes one a member of the Church, and if we accept any Christian baptism, why do we not accept a certificate from any Christian body to the effect that the bearer is a baptized believer, and is considered worthy of receiving the Communion in his former Church? Here is an argument that can not be refuted, and in my willingness to accept a letter dismissory from any Christian

body to enter that name upon my Church register without further ado I am taking a position that can not be gainsaid. Logic is logic.

ALAN PRESSLEY WILSON.

St. John's Rectory, Marietta, Pa.

"SOCIAL SERVICE THROUGH THE PARISH."

Mr. Editor:

May I call attention to a most serious error in this book—just published by the National Council? On page 125, it quite definitely endorses what may be called the Dynamic Theory of the Church's function. According to this theory (taught by Peabody, Hyde, Hodges, etc.), the proper function of the Church (pulpit) is to inspire motive power—the dynamic, the "steam"; it is not her function to advocate specific programs of reform—to see that the motive power is applied to its proper work. The evil of this theory is that (as employed by its advocates) it diverts the attention and effort of the Church from her supreme obligation—from Social Service par excellence (the saving of the Social Order, the ending of the war), to social service (Red Cross work on the battlefield). But if consistently followed out it would exclude even this. If the Church may not advocate specific programs, what right has she to advocate a single program suggested in the book itself?

The real truth of the matter is that the Church, as committed to preaching the Kingdom of God and its Righteousness, is committed to preaching, first of all, a very definite kind of social order, namely: that implied by the Kingdom law of self-denying sacrifice—the social order of a Brotherhood or Family. Thus she sets forth the ideal to inspire and guide all effort. But, after that, and as committed to that ideal, it is her duty to advocate every specific program of reform necessary to its realization. How else, indeed, can she preach Repentance unto Righteousness?

It should be observed that the authorities for the Dynamic Theory were all pioneers of the Social Awakening. As such they had not yet worked their way through the whole problem. They were obviously too much under the influence of the traditional theory that the root of the whole trouble is in the individual—in his evil will. Also they overlooked the fact that a good will no more makes a man a good Christian in practice than it makes a good doctor.

C. C. KEMP.

Bad Axe, Mich.

STRIKING FEATURES OF A NEW BOOK.

Mr. Editor:

The notice which appeared in your paper of March 3, relative to the History of the Theological Seminary in Virginia, soon to appear in two volumes and which is being published at the request of the Alumni Association and Board of Trustees, will, I hope, come to the attention of many who may desire to secure this book at the reduced rate at which it is being offered to those who subscribe before the book is printed.

Your readers will be interested to know that one of the chapters in this book is from the pen of the late Dr. William M. Dame, of Baltimore. It is entitled "Reminiscences," and is filled with the anecdotes which he loved to relate at the Alumni banquets of the Seminary.

Another chapter contains the record of the Virginia Seminary men in the late war, most charmingly written by Dr. Dandridge, of St. Paul's Church, Petersburg. The chapter on the "Seminary and the War Between the States" was written by Dr. Randolph H. McKim.

The section in the book devoted to the memories of the old Alumni, contains touches of love and pathos and rich gleams of light from out of the past which makes this section of the book a veritable treasury of devotion.

The Board of Trustees has assumed the financial responsibility for the printing of this Centennial History, and, as its author and editor, I am interested in calling attention to the publication, with the hope that the subscribers to the book will be in sufficient number to relieve the Trustees entirely of this responsibility.

WM. A. R. GOODWIN.

Williamsburg, Va.

THE CHURCH AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK

By the Reverend Karl M. Block

THE FOURTH OBJECTIVE OF THE LEAGUE.

"To instruct its members in practical religion."

THE most pathetic phase of modern Church history to my mind, is that process of spiritual—or perhaps ecclesiastical—erosion going on apace and decimating the ranks of the Christian Churches due to the fact that some of the "pillars" are not even aware that there is a Christian apologetic. They cry "Kamerad" before they have reached for their own guns; or, in their consternation, forget that they have legitimate weapons of defense.

Their "faith," intellectually, consisted of a few catch-words and a disjointed traditional theology. In the presence of criticism they took refuge in one of three moods—stubbornness; the appeal to authority; panic. Some truth, underemphasized in their Church experience, looms large when urged by some modern cult, and they are swept from their moorings utterly. If one wishes for an explanation of the defection of our college students at the mercy of a dogmatic skeptic, he finds it in the lack of a preliminary education in the fundamentals of the Christian religion.

The restatement of the Christian faith in terms of modern life is but to follow the methods of the Christ. This does not mean, I take it, to indulge in philosophical speculation or to rationalize the heart out of the Gospel, but to apply the simple story, with its implications, to modern needs. Bishop Johnson is luminous here. He says:

"Is the religion of Christ a scheme of philosophy to be worked out by intellectual supermen; or is it the power of God to be lived by ordinary folk?"

St. Paul thought the latter, and because he so thought the cross of Christ became a power in the world, while ever since the intellectuals have been rationalizing about the way in which we are to reach the masses, but somehow they have never guessed it.

Along with the rest of you, I have fed myself pretty generously on Dean Inge and Kirsopp Lake and the Dean of Carlisle and the Bishop of Durham, and while I am enough of a fan to appreciate their great display of intellectual gymnastics, I do not see just where the connection is made between their exhilarating exercises and the need of common men.

There is much of the wisdom of men in it all, but mighty little of the power of God.

And what do I mean, pray, by the power of God? I mean that mysterious energy which sent forth Bishop Huntington and Bishop Selwyn, Bishop Rowe and Bishop Overs to show men in darkness the way of light. I mean that motivation which reaches down to the sinner in despair and the peasant in perplexity and lifts them up to be a St. Augustine or a St. Aidan. I mean that the wisdom of men talks volubly while the power of God works silently and the world owes more to the simple folk who have gone forth believing that Christ was born of a virgin, actually suffered, was really crucified and actually rose from the dead, than to all the learned gentlemen who have told us from time to time what was the matter with the Church.

There is no difficulty in saying what is the matter with the Church today. It has too many philosophers who grace Mars Hill and too few foolish folk who visit Far Hollow.

You cannot regenerate the human race by philosophical absent treatment, but only as you carry the sacrifices of Christ into the realities of life."

It may be unwise to anticipate the period of intellectual revolt which characterizes later adolescence, but it is a greater tragedy to fail to prepare for this by a simple, progressive revelation of the truth as it is in Jesus Christ. If one were to question the adults in a normal congregation on everything but theology and the Bible he would find them rather generally informed, perhaps surprisingly so, but if he asks as to their belief in the following subjects, immortality, sin, God, the Church, the Sacraments, the ministry, he has an illuminating session in store.

THE FIVE RULES OF SERVICE.

Bulletin 4 of the Y. P. S. L. of the Diocese of Texas gives the following explanations of the five rules of service:

RULE OF PRAYER—HOW IT IS FULFILLED.

The Rule of Prayer is to pray morning and evening for our Church and Church School and for God's blessing on the Young People's Service League.

Prayer is talking with God. It ought to be natural, just as natural as a child talking with his earthly father. One talks to his earthly father about the things that only a parent can understand, one seeks friendship, chumship, love and counsel. So God has given us that wonderful natural power to pray, to talk with Him, to bring our problems to Him and our joys, and that is not all, we have His glorious promise that "all things whatsoever we ask in His Name, believing, we shall receive." First of all in prayer we must bring to Him our own sins, confessing them, believing that He will forgive us. Every person has the power to choose his own method of prayer, so that he might talk to the Father from his heart. Some pray kneeling, like Paul (Acts 20:36), some pray standing, like Jeremiah (18:20), and some sitting, like David (2 Samuel 17:18), some prostrate, like Jesus (Matt. 26:39), some pray silently, like Hannah (1 Samuel 1:13), some aloud like Ezekiel (11:13), and some pray in the temple (2 Kings 19:14), some in the privacy of the chamber (Matt. 6:6). There are as many different ways of praying as there are different individuals. While the above is perfectly true, there are some methods which have been found to be more helpful than others. First, there must be a few moments of silence and thought, realizing God's nearness, that He sees us, that He knows us. Our hearts go out to Him in thankfulness for all that He has sent into our lives. Praying for ourselves is only one of the Christian's obligations and the Rule of Prayer is not fulfilled until we pray for others. In the outline you will see that you are emphasizing prayer first, for the world, second for our National Organization and institutions in the Church; third, for our Diocese; fourth, for our community; and fifth, for our Parish. Of course, there are many things that a member of the League will want to pray for that are not included in the above list so he must use his own judgment in these matters. We, however, must realize the power given to us in prayer, believing that "more things are wrought through prayer than this world dreams of."

RULE OF SERVICE—HOW IT IS FULFILLED.

The Rule of Service is to do some definite task each day for the building up of Christ's Kingdom here on earth and to try each week to lead some other boy or girl to do the same.

In an effort to fulfill this rule, one must constantly keep in mind the object of the League, the spread of Christ's Kingdom among boys and girls. This might be definitely classed under two heads, Personal Service and Corporate Service (as a League).

In singing in the choir, serving at the altar, in attending Church and Sunday School, meetings of the Young People's Service League, a member has in part fulfilled the Rule of Service, but this really is the smallest part, for the greatest service is to share with others the friendship and companionship of Jesus through the Church. Merely speaking to a few other people each week about going around to Church is in a small way fulfilling the Rule. It is by what a member is, by what a member does, by what a member says, that the greatest influence is radiated. Very often a little act of kindness will do more to bring another boy or girl nearer to the Church than what one might say.

Keep always in mind that the Rule of Service definitely states that the member will try each week to lead other boys and girls to share in service for the Church. We often become disappointed because our efforts fail but God rewards us for the effort made and not merely for the success of our endeavor, and so if we faithfully try and fail to accomplish our purpose we must not become downhearted. God always answers our prayers in His own good way which ultimately is for our own interest. The Rule of Service can be fulfilled by a League as a group and also by its members individually. When the League as a whole undertakes a definite piece of work, it can be called a corporate work. There are many ways in which the League can fulfill this Rule of Service. There are suggestions on the outline chart.

RULE OF WORSHIP—HOW IT IS FULFILLED.

The Rule of Worship is to attend the regular services of the Church and Church School and to make an earnest effort each week to lead some other boy or girl to do the same.

Worship is the central rule of the League. Only through worship together can we hope to receive God's richest blessings. To attend Church ourselves is but a selfish form of Christianity and we are no Christians in the true sense until we bring others. The members must realize that if they are going to ask anyone to go to Church, they must first say come. By what one does and not by what one says will one's influence bring fruit. The League members are urged to have Grace at meals, Family Prayers, to attend the regular communions of the Church, if they are confirmed, to attend the Church School, to read the Bible daily and to make an earnest effort to lead some other boy or girl to do the same.

THE RULE OF FELLOWSHIP—HOW IT IS FULFILLED.

The Rule of Fellowship is to be friendly and courteous to others at all times and to share with others the privileges that I have received.

The hermit and recluse is always regarded as the abnormal being, for it is a law of nature for bees to go in swarms, cattle in herds, birds in flocks, fishes in schools and boys in gangs. There are many young people, however, who do not belong to any club or organization who long for friendship and fellowship. Desire for association and the friendly instinct are the links that join man to man, the fire that warms an otherwise cheerless world. It is necessary, therefore, that every member of the League be friendly and courteous, not only to his superiors, fathers and mothers, teachers and clergy, but also to other friends and chums and to extend to them, as far as possible, the privileges of the League, by having them in our homes, taking them to the Parish House, to hikes, athletic meetings, patriotic meetings, picnics and other social affairs. Boys and girls will come to know more about the Christ Child "who grew in wisdom and in stature and in favor with God and man" (socially).

Final Impressions of the Dean of Windsor

Before leaving for England Dean Baillie gave out to the press a statement of his impressions of America, in which he said:

"I do not profess to understand America or to be able to analyze her faults or qualities, but she has come to mean something very real to me," said Dean Baillie. "Experience soon reveals the amazing diversities of American life and begins to suggest that though the background of life is different in kind to that of European countries, it is as real and vital. This first impression is largely due to the way Americans talk to foreigners in New York and Boston and the other places where there is much intercourse with Europe.

"The diversities in different parts of the country are astonishing. New York and Virginia are as different as Parish and Vienna, Chicago and Boston as London and Edinburgh.

"Who could confuse in memory the cosmopolitan vivacity of New York with its many streams of almost hectic life, with the calm Boston wrapped in the robe of culture which it has woven out of the work of the great men who have enriched its past? Who could confuse the self-respecting dignity of Chicago, full of civic pride and an almost barbaric self-assertiveness, with the gayety and joyousness of Virginia, whose delicious, harmonious, caressing voice gives it such an unforgettable charm? Who could confuse a village community of Scottish Highlanders in Carolina with country life in New England?

"To analyze American life all such diversities must be studied besides the great mystery of the West, which is every day asserting itself more insistently in American life.

"There is one element of which I have only touched the fringe and that is the great mass of manual workers. There you touch the great undigested diversity of endless races who must be absorbed before American nationality is completely formed.

"But these diversities are not the only difficulties in understanding America.

"It is the land of violent contrasts. In no land is there a class so unblushingly given to the worship of Mammon, but in no land have I found so many men simply and wholeheartedly sacrificing opportunities of wealth and power to serve their country or help their fellow men in laborious work without reward or even recognition. In no country is there such prompt reaction to pure idealism. In no country is there such blatant vulgarity and yet no country has such exquisitely elaborate refinement. No country has such almost brutal lawlessness and yet no country has such tender, affectionate home life. No country has such arrogant conceit and yet no country has such shrewd, almost cynical, insight.

THE RULE OF GIFTS—HOW IT IS FULFILLED.

The rule of gifts is to give God regularly each week some gift which has cost me an effort.

It is imperative that every member of the League plan to give to God systematically and regularly. Some give according to their allowance or to the amount of money they earn; some give more, others give a tenth. It is a good rule in giving that every boy and girl give to God at least one-seventh of their time and one-tenth of their income, no matter how small that income may be. Every member of the League should give systematically by means of the Duplex Envelope plan, or whatever system is in use in his Parish, to the Church or Church School. By Christmas baskets, contributions of clothing, mite boxes, giving to the starving children in Europe and in many other ways can the League members find an expression for fulfilling this Rule.

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERVICE.

St. Luke's Church in Kalamazoo, in the Diocese of Western Michigan, has had the advantage of a visit from Edward A. Shields, field secretary. From a personal letter we learn of his happy experience over the week-end in which he attended St. Luke's and made an address at the evening service. It was a service conducted by the young people of that large parish. The choir consisted of thirty-two boys and twenty girls. The offertory solo, "Just for Today," was beautifully rendered by one of the younger lads; and the lessons were read by a youth of sixteen years. Other boys took up the offering, and some ushered at the Church doors. Mr. Shields tells us that this is the weekly custom at St. Luke's, whose rector, the Rev. J. H. Bishop, has arranged these services under the auspices of the senior and junior branches of the Gamma Kappa Delta. The juniors hold their meetings before the evening service and the seniors meet after the service. The rector was present, conducting that part of the service that could not be in the hands of the young people.

"But my experience has taught me to believe that while the weaker side is blatant and obvious on the surface, it is the nobler qualities which are growing with a steady wholesome growth.

"Yet with all these diversities America has a unity, complex and full of variety. It has a personality, and that personality is very real to me. The predominant feature is kindness. In my mind the American face which has formed itself out of countless faces that I have watched, has always kindly eyes. The mouth is sometimes hard, the chin sometimes tells of almost ruthless pushing through to success, but the eyes are kind and this kindness reflects in the endless kindly courtesies with which American social life is full.

"So I believe in the future of America, not because of its wealth and power, but because it is growing in nobility of thought and sending out a youth worthy to be entrusted with the work of dealing with the problems of the coming ages."

LARGEST BIBLE ORDER.

The largest single Bible order ever placed by any organization in the United States, perhaps in the world, has just been given by the American Bible Society to a firm in New York City. 1,500,000 volumes of Scripture portions consisting of the gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, the Book of Acts, and the Book of Proverbs in English and Spanish constitute this order. These little books are to be uniform in size, sixty-four pages each, with a separate heavy cover, and will be sold throughout the United States and South America for one cent each. This is the first time since the war period that the Society has been able to produce these volumes at this price. Before the first deliveries had been made, advance orders to the number of 800,000 had been received.

When we kneel in prayer this should be the spirit of our approach to God, a spirit of confidence, of unreserved speech, which tells Him everything, and a spirit of child-like faith and assurance which rests on His promises and expects their fulfilment in answer to prayer.—Griffith-Thomas.

We cannot copy the great work which Christ did for the world, but we may copy His Spirit. The smallest trickle of water down a city gutter will carve out of the mud at its side little banks and cliffs, and exhibit all the phenomena of erosion on the largest scale, as the Mississippi does over half a continent, and the tiniest wave in a basin will fall into the same curves as the billows of mid-ocean.—Alexander MacLaren.

Christianity and the Community

Thy Kingdom Come on Earth

THE REV. R. CARY MONTAGUE, Editor.

AN OPPORTUNITY THAT SHOULD NOT BE NEGLECTED.

The New York Protestant Episcopal City Mission Society has arranged to offer an opportunity for a nine-months' course in field work to young men studying for the ministry or recently ordained.

The General Theological Seminary is cooperating, and offers six months' residence. The City Mission Society offers from three to four months' residence, including room, board, and incidental expenses, such as car fares, postage, etc., and \$600 in money for other living costs.

The plan is to associate the student for a period of time with different members of the staff of the Society, in order that through this association training in that especial type of work may be secured. For example, hospital and prison chaplains in large institutions of New York City; boys' work in a settlement, and summer camp; social service department which will give experience in case work and court probation work; immigration work at Ellis Island. Also opportunity will be offered for careful study of every department of the Society, which is an organization with a staff of over one hundred workers, spending more than \$200,000 a year, and having the following departments of work:

Chaplaincy work in forty-eight institutions, charitable and correctional

Church and Parish activities for colored, and Italian people

Settlement work

Fresh air work, especially a Boys' Camp

Immigration work

Probation work in different courts

Good will industries, for handicapped persons

Social service case work.

The Seminary will offer an opportunity of study along the theoretic lines as a background for this work.

This course is established in order that the younger clergy may have an opportunity for training in the problems of Church work in urban communities, especially from the standpoint of those activities carried on by City Mission Societies. It will also give excellent training for curacies in important parishes, as well as for positions as executives in City Mission work. There are at present twenty-two City Mission Societies in important cities in the United States, as well as a large number of parishes which are centres for types of work similar to those activities carried on by City Mission Societies.

If the stipend seems small to a prospective applicant it should be borne in mind that the City Mission Society will have to give more of the time of its expert workers in instruction than the student can equate by his work.

The selection of the applicant will be made by the Superintendent of the City Mission Society, the Dean of the General Seminary, and the Rev. Mr. McCandless, rector of St. Michael's Church, and a member of the Board of the Society. Applications should be sent to the Rev. L. Ernest Sunderland, D. D., Superintendent, 38 Bleecker Street.

It is planned to have the successful applicant for this position begin work in June, 1923.

The foregoing statement from the New York City Missions' Society shows the development of a plan which offers to young clergy similar opportunities that the graduating doctor gets through interne practice in a hospital. The value of this sort of work in the medical profession has been so thoroughly demonstrated that today few doctors ever think of launching themselves upon the public until they have had this kind of experience.

It would certainly be well for the Clerical profession to follow the example of the medical in this respect. As is pointed out in the above statement, there are now twenty-two organized city missions, and their locations cover almost every section of the country. All may not be in the position to offer even the small stipend referred to above, but most of them could do something in this way, and the advantage to the theological student would be tremendous. In a letter accompanying the article printed herewith, Mr. Sunderland tells us that he has sent it to the deans of all of our Seminaries in the United States.

Aside from the advantages in social contacts which are

mentioned above the student would gain tremendous help in his preparation for preaching. The impromptu and informal service held in the City Almshouse, a factory, or a city jail offers an experience in public speaking that develops mental activities and ease of manner in unusual circumstances to a degree that will be found infinitely helpful in any line of pastoral work.

It is certainly to be hoped that many of the deans of our Seminaries will present this matter to their students in such a way that its advantages may be seen and used. We feel sure that all the heads of city missions will be glad to cooperate.

A MEANS OF SPREADING GOOD NEWS.

In the recent organization of The Federated Church women of Georgia, a new era in religious circles has been inaugurated, with great possibilities ahead. Realizing that the splendid work done by women in the Churches has been little known and appreciated by the public in general, leading women workers in the various denominations have resolved to join together in an organized federation, the expressed purpose of which is "the dissemination of religious news, the advancement of women's work in the various denominations, and through them the furtherance of the evangelization of the world."

"It is more and more the trend of religious thought that the use of the secular press gives access to an ever increasing number of homes. Space has been secured in the Atlanta papers, for discriminating interdenominational church news.

"The executive board is formed by appointing representatives from each denomination.

"Every woman throughout the State of Georgia engaged in a definite piece of religious work is invited to send an article, giving interesting facts concerning her work, with illustrative pictures, to her denominational editor, who will turn it over to the editor-in-chief for publication."

The above account of what seems to be a new organization came to us a short time ago. We publish it here hoping that some of our readers may see it and send in material to Mrs. W. L. Percy, 112 Waverly Way, Atlanta, Georgia.

We very often under-estimate the value of the assistance that the secular press is ready and anxious to give to Church activities. Many of our dailies carry a special page on Mondays for extracts from sermons or Church news of any kind, and it is too often the case that they receive but slight encouragement from ministers and Church workers in getting the necessary material to fill such a page.

There is no doubt that at least ten people would see things that are printed in the average city daily paper to one who would read the same thing in a Church paper. It is of course unfortunate that the daily papers seek the sensational, but may not the ministers be partly to blame for this trend, in that they do not seek to spread the wholesome, helpful message as far as possible? If a sermon is good for those assembled in the Church to hear it, surely it is also good for those who might read it on Monday morning if it were given the wider publicity of the subscription list of the daily paper.

It is well worth while to help this new Georgia organization by sending in such items of church activity as have more than a local interest.

Plan to Enroll More Students in St. Paul's University, Tokyo.

In order to increase the number of Japanese young men entering the teaching profession, Dr. Reifsnider, of St. Paul's University, Tokyo, plans to offer in 1923, three scholarships at the Tokyo Higher Normal School for Christian graduates of the Middle Department of St. Paul's. The Normal School course is four years. If Dr. Reifsnider is successful in securing the three scholarships and the three graduates for 1923, he will plan to offer two scholarships for 1924, and one scholarship for each year thereafter. The holders of the scholarships will live in the Middle School dormitories of St. Paul's and will assist in the Christian work going on there. Then when they have completed their course at the Normal School, they will, under the agreement with St. Paul's, give a certain number of years to teaching in the school. Dr. Reifsnider wonders whether there is any one who would like to help him carry one or more of these scholarships. Further information may be obtained from the Department of Missions.

Church Intelligence

Day of Intercession Observed at the Church Mission's House.

The Day of Intercession appointed by the National Council for Wednesday, March 14, was impressive and beautiful as it was observed at the Church Mission's House. The regular work in all departments continued during the day, but the secretaries and the staff left their desks from time to time to spend a little while in the chapel, where from nine to four-thirty there were continuous intercessions and meditations.

Bishop Lloyd commenced the day with a Celebration and made an address on the power of prayer. After that there were half-hour periods devoted to special subjects, the Orient, the Church at home and in Alaska, schools and colleges, the foreign-born, and others. The Rev. Dr. Chapman, of Alaska, Dean Fosbroke, Dr. Stires, Dr. Van De Water and some of the secretaries each led the meditations and prayers of one period. Bishop Gailor closed the day with Evensong.

The attendance was good throughout, including a number of people from outside the Church Mission's House. The offering received at the Celebration and added to during the day amounted to \$658.

All who attended realized something of the benefit of the quiet remembrance of our missionaries and the intercessions on behalf of the Church's whole work.

A Human Appeal.

From far up in the extreme northwest corner of the United States comes a very human appeal. At Fort Bragg, California, the Rev. Hubert C. Carter has been conducting a mission station of peculiar value. It is in the heart of the redwood's country, and in the adjoining lumber camps are hundreds of men who have grown to place real dependence on Mr. Carter and his little, log mission. Rough, untutored, unchurched lumberjacks of a dozen nationalities, they are for the most part but among them some men, even university graduates, who have sought the wilds for adventure or as a refuge from errors of the past. Sundays, these latter have formed a habit of leading their rougher brethren down to Mr. Carter's Mission House, and, by dint of their example and the ministrations of Mr. Carter, a goodly congregation has grown up.

Up to a short while ago Fort Bragg was a prosperous little community. Pretty nearly everybody had some money in the bank, business was flourishing; and by close application to the task, Mr. Carter had succeeded in reducing the mortgage on his mission to \$2,000. It was self-supporting, and he even had written pledges for the amount needed to free the Church from debt. Then came a bank crash in which small fortunes were swept away, the savings of years were wiped out and, practically no one in the community escaped the effects of an overnight reversal.

In the circumstances, of course, the pledges for the amount necessary to lift the mortgage on the Mission House cannot be redeemed, and the venture for God which was going forward so prosperously faces a crisis which threatens its extinction.

In his hour of need Mr. Carter is, therefore, appealing to the General Church to assist him in making possible the continuance of this work. He

has already secured a pledge of \$500 toward the \$2,000 necessary to save the Fort Bragg Mission. Fifteen hundred dollars is still needed. It is a most worthy cause, the need is great, and the response, if the Mission is to be saved, must be immediate. Checks or pledges sent to Mr. Carter, at the Church Mission's House, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York, will be gratefully acknowledged by him.

Larger Service.

Applications for larger sums of money as loans for building purposes continue to be made to the Church Building Fund than it is able to consider in view of the limited annual turn over of its capital fund and with justice to the many applicants needing moderate loans. A larger service will, however, be possible this year than in 1922, because of the \$42,250 increase of the fund through a special memorial gift. The trustees are bending every energy to bring about further increase of the fund so as to insure a growing service to the Church. In the meantime the usual cordial consideration will be given to all requests for assistance, and the Church will have the benefit of the use to the limit of the fund which she has created.

At the March meeting of the trustees announcement was made of the following loans placed since January 1: Alpine, Tex., \$2,000; Roswell, N. M., \$1,200; Pipestone, Minn., \$3,750; Canton, N. C., \$4,000; McLean, Va., \$4,000; Buena Vista, Fla., \$1,400; Williamstown, W. Va., \$5,000; Bend, Ore., \$2,000; and of loans promised to St. John's, West Seattle, Wash., \$5,000; Raton, N. M., \$7,000; Grace, Astoria, Ore., \$2,000; Epiphany, Atlanta, Ga., \$3,000. Gifts were made within the same period to Nomini Grove, Va., \$500; Salem, Ohio, \$700; Klamath Falls, Ore., \$1,000; St. Mark's, Plainfield, N. J., \$1,000; Townner, N. D., \$400; Norman, Okla., \$350; and also promised to College Point, N. Y., \$1,000; Porte Alegre, Brazil, \$250; Waverly Mills, S. C., \$500; and grants to Lake Tahoe, Cal., \$1,000, and also promised to North Charleston, S. C., \$700.

PITTSBURGH.

Rt. Rev. Alexander Mann, D. D., Bishop.

Five Hundred Pittsburgh Men Hear Bishop Mann and Other Speakers.

Christ Church, Allegheny, served as hosts at a supper given on Tuesday evening, March 20, for the men and boys of the Diocese of Pittsburgh, held in connection with mass meetings in the Church and Parish House later in the evening.

More than five hundred men and older boys were present at the service itself, which was held in Christ Church and three hundred and sixty-seven attended the supper in the Parish House immediately preceding the Church service. Nine of the leading ministers of other Christian bodies were present and at the supper several said a brief word.

There were some twenty-five of our own clergy present, and sixteen of them, vested, and with Bishop Mann, were in the chancel. These, with fifty-eight members of several combined choirs, formed an inspiring procession

from the Parish House into the Church. Twenty-nine Parishes and Missions were represented by the men and boys present, practically all of the Parishes in the metropolitan district of Pittsburgh, and there were many from outside.

At the supper the theme was "The Christian Man's Responsibility to the Church," with Bertram S. Smith, President of the Pittsburgh Diocesan Assembly, presiding. A stirring address of welcome was made by the rector of Christ Church, the Rev. Frank Orr Johnson, and brief talks were given by a number of others.

In the Church the service was in charge of the rector. Addresses were made in the order named by the Rev. A. W. S. Garden, rector of Emmanuel Church, on "The Brotherhood and Its Value in Kingdom Spreading," by Franklin H. Spencer, Associate General Secretary of the Brotherhood, on "St. Andrew's Plan Applied Today," and by Bishop Mann on "The Laymen and the Diocese."

During the after-supper speaking in the Parish House, the boys, seventy-five in number, were holding their meeting downstairs, presided over by William A. Cornelius, and at which Bishop Mann won the hearts of his diocesan boys by his heart-to-heart and friendly talk. Mr. Taylor also was an interesting speaker at the boys' meeting.

Bishop Mann appreciated greatly this large contact with the laymen of the Brotherhood and of the Diocese generally, as well as with the older boys; and a happy incident occurred during the service in the Church, when President Smith asked all Brotherhood members to stand in their places, and in their name pledged to him their interest, loyalty and affection.

This was said to have been the largest meeting arranged under the auspices of the Brotherhood in Pittsburgh since the old days of the great Carnegie Hall meetings, held for a number of years on the evening of St. Andrew's Day. It was well attended, it was impressive, it was in the best sense constructive, and it showed the laity of Pittsburgh in some degree their latent power. May they go from strength to strength.

G. H. R.

An Educational Mission.

On March 16, 17 and 18, an Educational Mission was conducted in St. Mark's Parish, Johnstown, by Mrs. Marcellin C. Adams, Chairman of the Educational Department of the Diocesan Woman's Auxiliary, and Miss Charlotte E. Forsyth, Superintendent of Religious Education in the Diocese. On Friday afternoon, there was a conference in St. Mark's Parish House, for all Church women, "Churchwomen and the Opportunities of Today," conducted by Mrs. Adams, assisted by Miss Forsyth. An informal supper followed and an address and conference on "The Parish and the National Church," conducted by the Rev. A. W. S. Garden, of Emmanuel Church, Pittsburgh. On Saturday afternoon the conference for Churchwomen was continued by Mrs. Adams and Miss Forsyth. On Saturday evening the Rev. J. C. H. Sauber, Executive Secretary of the Department of Social Service, conducted an address and conference on "The Parish and the Community."

On Sunday morning there was a sermon on "Religious Education," by the Rev. L. B. Whittemore, Calvary Church, Pittsburgh. In the afternoon Miss Forsyth conducted a conference for all Church School Teachers and Officers; and in the evening she gave a talk after Evening Prayer, on "Church School Ideals."

The monthly meeting of the Clerical Union took place on Monday, March 19, at the Church of the Incarnation, Pittsburgh, the Rev. Herbert Jukes, rector. There was a celebration of the Holy Communion by the Bishop of the Diocese. Luncheon was served, and was followed by a brief business meeting, and the reading of a paper by the Rev. Lester Leake Riley, of St. Paul's Church, who had for his subject, "The Religion of Old Glory," with a discussion ensuing. The attendance was very good, and the gathering a very enjoyable one.

The Rt. Rev. Alexander Mann, D. D., had his first Confirmation classes in the Diocese on the Fifth Sunday in Lent, March 18. In the morning, at the Church of the Redeemer, Squirrel Hill, he preached and confirmed twenty-eight candidates, among them his own elder daughter. In the evening, at Calvary Church, he confirmed a class almost unprecedented in numbers, one hundred and eight candidates being presented by the rector, the Rev. E. J. van Etten.

The Diocesan Church Rooms will remove on May 1 from their present location at 317 Jenkins Building to the third floor of Trinity Parish House, and will be known thereafter as the Diocesan Offices, Trinity House. An elevator is being installed, and alterations made that will insure larger space and more suitable accommodations.

J. C.

NEW YORK.

Rt. Rev. W. T. Manning, D. D., Bishop.
Rt. Rev. A. S. Lloyd, D. D., Suffragan.
Rt. Rev. Herbert Shipman, D. D., Suffragan.

Church Building Plans.

St. James Church, the Rev. Dr. Frank W. Crowder, rector, will spend \$500,000 rebuilding its plant and adding a parish house of larger proportions than the present one on the East. Much more than half the sum needed is already subscribed. A north transept is part of the plan, and it is to be a chapel. The widow of a former rector, Mrs. E. Walpole Warren, has given the money for this chapel, and it will be memorial to Dr. Warren. The chancel is to be changed to the east. It is now in the west, and the entire Church front, now with an uncompleted tower, will be torn out and changed.

Historic Holy Communion Church, the Rev. Dr. Henry Mottet, rector, located well down town on the west side, is to raze its present parish house and rectory and erect a large parish house that is to contain cafeteria, music hall, school rooms and moving pictures. Only a year hence the Rev. Dr. Mottet will celebrate if he lives the fiftieth anniversary of his rectorship. Holy Communion has been the mother of many movements, including St. Luke's Hospital, the City Mission Society and the Society of St. Johnland.

Efforts are making by St. Bartholomew's Church to pay off a debt of \$155,000 and have the Church consecrated. It is expected the entire sum will be given at Easter. Next will be taken up the erection of a rectory, provision for which was made when plans for the Park Avenue plant were drawn.

Recent Bequests.

Mrs. Lucy H. Collins, of Long Island, gives by will \$5,000 each to the Church's General Board of Missions, the Japan Mission, and \$3,000 each to the Church Mission of Help and St. John's Church, Detroit. She also gives

\$300 to St. Augustine's School at Raleigh.

C.

UPPER SOUTH CAROLINA.

Rt. Rev. K. G. Finlay, D. D., Bishop.

Encouraging Growth of a Small Parish.

The Church of the Resurrection, Greenwood, of which the Rev. Arthur R. Price is rector, had a visitation from Bishop Finlay on March 11, when a class of nine was presented for Confirmation. These, with others who were confirmed recently, make twenty-one confirmations during the past year. This is a most encouraging sign of growth for this parish has struggled on for years with a small membership and all the handicaps that this implies.

Other signs of new life are also manifest: The Woman's Auxiliary has been reorganized and new members added. It is maintaining a Mission Study Class in Bishop Bratton's book, "Wanted Leaders."

The St. Agnes' Guild is doing good work and the women of the parish have been organized under the able leadership of Mrs. H. V. R. Schrader, for the purpose of helping with the parish expenses.

Greenwood is a growing town and the outlook here for the growth of the Church is good.

Connected with the Parish of the Resurrection is the little Mission of St. James at Ninety-Six—of historic memory. Here the rector of the Greenwood Church holds service twice each month.

Clemson College Activities.

Recently the Episcopal Church has purchased a piano for the use of its sons at Clemson College. This has brought the boys together in a social way and the latest development is the organization of a Church Social Club, the first of its kind at Clemson. This club was organized at a supper on February 13, in the college dining room, through the courtesy and assistance of the college caterer. The commandant also cooperated, excusing the boys, where it was necessary in order that they might attend. The boys were enthusiastically happy. They had their own toastmaster and arranged the toasts among the cadets. Similar events will take place after Easter.

Church of the Good Shepherd, York.

A marble altar has been donated to the Church of the Good Shepherd, York, South Carolina. It is the gift of Mrs. R. J. Brevard, of Charlotte, North Carolina, in memory of her parents, the Reverend and Mrs. James Stoney. Mr. Stoney was rector of this parish during the years 1861-1865. The altar is in Early English Gothic design and was built by J. and R. Lamb, of New York.

J. O. M. C.

WASHINGTON.

Rt. Rev. A. Harding, D. D., Bishop.

Encouraging Reports of Work Throughout the Diocese.

A meeting of the Bishops' Guild was held in St. Alban's Guild Hall on Saturday morning, March 24, at which time the Bishop of Washington presided. The primary purpose of this meetings held every spring is the hearing of reports by the several organizations affiliated with the Bishops'

Guild. Some of the organizations which gave reports at this meeting were: the Woman's Auxiliary, Girls' Friendly Society, Episcopal Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital, Episcopal Home for Children, House of Mercy, St. John's Orphanage, National Cathedral School for Girls, and others. Bequests of great interest mentioned in some of these reports were a sum of more than \$100,000 for the House of Mercy and a sum large enough to build an Isolation Home in connection with St. John's Orphanage. This latter was given by the Misses McKean, for many years members of St. John's Church.

In connection with the report of the Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital, great interest was shown in the report of a movement on foot to have established by the grateful patients of Dr. Wm. H. Wilmer, a fund of a million dollars or more to be called "The William Holland Wilmer Foundation," and to be centered in this hospital for the purpose of continued scientific research in connection with the care and treatment of the eyes.

The reports read at the Guild showed all together that constructive work is being done along the many lines represented and that the Diocese in its varied fields of activity is moving forward.

M. M. W.

SOUTHWESTERN VIRGINIA.

Rt. Rev. Robert C. Jett, D. D., Bishop.

Great Mission at Christ Church, Roanoke.

The Rev. W. J. Loaring Clark, D. D., for many years rector of St. Paul's Church, Chattanooga, and now chairman of the National Council's Commission on Preaching Missions, has just completed a wonderful series of services at Christ Church, of which the Rev. G. Otis Mead is rector.

An important factor in the success of this mission was the fine preparatory work done by the rector and people of the Church. Initial steps were taken on December 15 last and from that time the members of the vestry have been actively interested and have given their support to the work, individually and collectively, in every possible way.

Most important of all, the hopes and expectations and plans of the rector and people were more than justified by Dr. Clark himself, with his pleasing personality, his attractive delivery, his deep earnestness and his most interesting and inspiring addresses.

He began the mission on Sunday, March 18, with a talk to the Sunday School at 10:30, on "Sowing," sermon at 11 on "Preparation," a mass meeting at 3 P. M. at one of the theatres under the auspices of the Billy Sunday Club, with an address on "Things Money Cannot Buy," and sermon at evening service on "Sin."

During the week he gave each day at 11 a series of "Meditations on the Gospels for the Sundays in Lent," and at the evening services from Monday to Friday he preached on "Repentance," "Faith," "Vision," "A Rich Fool" and "Expression." The subject of his sermon on Palm Sunday morning was "The Triumphal Entry," and at the evening service he spoke on "Resolution." He also conducted on Friday afternoon a mass meeting for children, and on Sunday afternoon a men's mass meeting. In all, Dr. Clark's services and addresses at Church, public schools, clubs, etc., during the week numbered thirty-two.

Great good will undoubtedly result from this mission and the General

Church is indeed fortunate in having a preacher of the caliber of Dr. Clark at the head of one of its most important departments.

T. A. S.

VIRGINIA.

Rt. Rev. W. C. Brown, D. D., Bishop.

Death of the Rev. E. V. Jones.

The Rev. Edward Valentine Jones, a retired priest of the Diocese of Virginia, died at his home in Charles City on March 22 (aged seventy-nine years) and was buried in the Church yard of old Westover Church on Saturday. The funeral services were conducted by Bishop Brown, assisted by the Rev. Drs. W. H. Burkhardt and J. F. Ribble, and the Rev. G. M. Brydon. A large number of the clergy of Richmond were vested and took part in the services.

Mr. Jones was a son of the late John W. Jones, of Botetourt County, and the grandson of Mr. Edward Valentine, a prominent Churchman of the early days in Staunton and Botetourt. He served in the Confederate Army during the war, and afterwards graduated from Washington College under the Presidency of his old Commander, General Lee. Upon his graduation at the Virginia Theological Seminary in 1872, he was ordained deacon and sent as a missionary to Huntington, West Virginia, being the first minister of our Church in that newly founded city. He later served in Prince George County, and in Salem, and after a long rectorate in Walker's Parish, Albemarle, he took charge of Christ Church Parish, Middlesex County. Here his active ministry was brought to a close by the loss of his eyesight, and for about eight years before his death he was totally blind. He was a genial and cultivated gentleman, a faithful minister, a devout follower of Christ and a bright example of patience and cheerfulness in the physical darkness of his later years.

Besides his wife, who was Miss Mary Smith Ruffin, of Charles City County, Mr. Jones leaves four children: E. Valentine Jones, Jr., of Newport News; the Rev. Edmund Ruffin Jones, rector of Bruton Parish, Williamsburg; Mrs. W. Roy Mason, of Charlottesville, and Miss Susan Valentine Jones, of Charles City.

MARYLAND

Rt. Rev. J. G. Murray, D. D., Bishop.

Grace and St. Peter's Church, Baltimore

The new chapel stands as a symbol of motherly love; not only in its position with reference to the chancel, but also in its symbolism, it is a true Lady Chapel. We enter through a wrought iron grille, richly decorated in the manner of the fifteenth century, and embellished by four pictures hammered out of the solid iron. These depict the presentation of Samuel by Hannah, the finding of Moses by the daughter of Pharaoh, the flight into Egypt, and the charity of Dorcas. The ornamental work is pierced and elaborately colored.

The floor of the Chapel is of Vermont slate, and in the center is a unique dedicatory tablet inlaid in pewter and bronze, probably the only one of its kind in this country.

In the window are represented the three Marys, who stood under the cross, with St. John and Joseph of Arimathea. The figures are surrounded by a frame of dark glass in which are inserted the emblems of the characters represented

and appropriate texts. The upper part of the window is adorned by a wood screen carved in lilies, passion flowers, etc. The posts separating the panels of the window are carved into two figures, a wise and a foolish virgin.

The Chapel is separated from the Chancel by a carved oak screen, enriched by small figure corbels and by six painted shields, the three on the Chapel side typifying the three Christian graces, faith, hope and charity, while the three on the Chancel side show the devices of St. Peter, the Diocese of Maryland, and the State of Maryland.

The focal point of the Chapel is, of course, the altar, which stands in a sanctuary niche. The walls and ceiling of this niche are of oak panelling and beams, as are those of the entire Chapel. Into the right wall of the niche is built an elaborate credence table, which bears the symbolic pelican. The niche is closed by a beautiful communion rail, into which are carved two praying angels. A delicately wrought bronze tablet is set into the floor of the sanctuary nich, which is of dark blue and brown tiles. The material of the altar is fleur de peche, a rare reddish brown marble. On the face of the altar is a large bronze cross combined with the circle of eternity. Above the altar stands a triptych carved in oak and sumptuously illuminated in gold and color.

In addition to the Chapel, Triptych, Grilles and Screens, an exquisite clergy and working Sacristy has been built and equipped; the most beautiful thing of its kind in Baltimore.

It is interesting to notice that in spite of all these home improvements, Grace and St. Peter's has paid its Nation-Wide Campaign quota in full, taking the lead of all the Churches in Maryland for the three-year period.

GEORGIA.

Rt. Rev. F. F. Reese, D. D., Bishop.

"Priority No. 42"—A Splendid Opportunity for Service.

Situated in the extreme southwestern portion of the Diocese of Georgia, is the flourishing town of Moultrie, which increased in population from 4,000 in 1915 to 10,000 in 1920. There are eight Churches in this town, and the Episcopal Church is represented by a partially completed building, when citizens of Moultrie, regardless of creed, have helped to erect in its present state. This enterprise appears on the Church's Program in the "Askings" for the Diocese of Georgia as Priority No. 42. The members of the congregation have bought and paid for a lot costing \$1,400, upon which they have been required to pay paving assessments of \$325, and they have spent \$3,000 on the erection of the building up to this time. The Bishop of the Diocese says of this project: "The City of Moultrie is a large and progressive town and in order to make our work effective it will require a creditable building, substantially built and of good appearance." The estimated cost of Church and lot will be between \$9,000 and \$10,000. Besides the pledges already made \$2,500 more is needed, and then there will be pews and furnishings to buy. The building is on a corner lot in the best location and will be very pretty when finished. The citizens of Moultrie are much interested in seeing the building completed.

Opportunities abound for the ministrations of the Church in this "wonder-city of the southeast," as it is called. The Bishop has authorized the

Vicar, the Rev. R. G. Shannonhouse, to send out a printed appeal to solicit donations for this Diocesan project. Donations to be credited on "Priorities" sent to the Treasurer of the National Council, will be credited on that portion of the parochial and Diocesan quota which is designated for priorities.

E. D. J.

COLORADO.

Rt. Rev. I. P. Johnson, D. D., Bishop.
Rev. Fred Ingle, Coadjutor-elect.

First Meeting of Bishops and Council.

Following action taken by the Diocesan Council at its recent annual convention, the first meeting of the Bishops and Council, an organization paralleling locally the national organization known as the Presiding Bishop and Council, was held at the Adams Hotel Monday evening, March 19.

Plans for promoting the program of the Church during the year were made, and the following departments organized.

Department of Missions, the Rev. Mr. Prince, chairman; Miss Hodges and W. W. Grant, Jr.

Department of Religious Education, Mr. Lindsay, general chairman; P. O. Craven, chairman of the Young People's Societies of the Diocese; the Rev. Mr. Dagwell, chairman of the Boys' and Girls' Camps to be held at Evergreen in June; Mrs. L. C. Greenlee, chairman of the daily Bible reading section; Mrs. H. E. Bellamy, chairman of the department of pageantry; the Rev. Mr. Prince, chairman of the Church School Workers' Association; Mrs. Mantz, the Rev. Mr. McNulty, and Mrs. Elspeth Rattle.

Department of Church and Social Service, Dean Browne, chairman; Mrs. Fisher, Professor Hutchinson, Mrs. Mantz and Mrs. W. W. Hathway.

Field, Publicity and Finance Department; Mr. Winne, chairman; the Rev. Mr. Taft, the Rev. Mr. Dagwell, the Rev. Phillip Nelson and J. H. Bradbury.

An extension committee, composed of Bishop Irving P. Johnson and Bishop Fred Ingle, and the department chairmen, was formed to meet monthly, or as called. The Bishops and Council will hold its meetings three or four times a year, the various departments conducting active programs in the interim.

SALINA.

Rt. Rev. G. A. Beecher, In Charge.

To Work Among Young People.

Miss Eleanor Ridgway, of the Alaskan Mission, who is at present at home on furlough, has accepted work for the next two years in the District of Salina, before returning to her work in Alaska. Miss Ridgway's duties will be in connection with work among young people at the new St. Faith's Mission in Salina, and throughout the district generally.

NEWARK.

Rt. Rev. E. S. Lines, D. D., Bishop.
Rt. Rev. W. R. Stearly, D. D., Coadjutor.

The death of the Rev. Henry B. Wilson, of Boonton, already announced, takes from us one of the clergy who has held a marked place not only of the Diocese, but of the General Church.

because of his interest in the revival of spiritual healing.

He had given much thought and study to the subject and had reached very strong convictions upon it. He founded the Society of the Nazarene, and also the periodical of the same name. His correspondence with persons in every part of the Church was very large. He had visited many parts of the country, and had also been to England in the interest of this work.

He was held in high regard by all of his brethren, who mourn his death in early life.

LOS ANGELES.

Rt. Rev. J. H. Johnson, D. D., Bishop.
Rt. Rev. W. B. Stevens, D. D., Coadjutor.

Church Building Activities.

The Diocese of Los Angeles is at the beginning of a new era of Church building. On Palm Sunday, Bishop Stevens laid the cornerstone of a new Church building at Fullerton. Sunday afternoon, March 11, Bishop Johnson and Bishop Stevens officiated at the cornerstone laying of the new St. John's Church, Los Angeles. Easter afternoon they will lay the cornerstone of the new cathedral in Los Angeles. In addition to these, new Churches are to be begun at once for All Saints' Parish, Pasadena and St. Stephen's, Hollywood. St. James', South Pasadena, hopes to finish the north aisle and tower of its fine Gothic building and expects to begin building operations in

Noon-day speakers at the St. Paul's Cathedral services in Los Angeles included Bishop Johnson, Bishop Stevens, Bishop Sanford, of San Joaquin; Dean MacCormack, the Rev. Robert Windsor, of St. Luke's Church, and the Rev. P. A. Easley, of St. Stephen's Church.

Work has been begun at Laguna Beach under the charge of the Rev. P. W. Clarkson, of Orange. A lot has been secured and plans drawn for a church building.

The Girls' Friendly Society has acquired a building for its new lodge and expects to open in April. The building was secured for a consideration of \$40,000.

TENNESSEE.

Rt. Rev. Thos. F. Gallor, D. D., Bishop.
Rt. Rev. J. M. Maxon, D. D., Coadjutor.

The Rev. Stephen Howard Alling, of St. James' Church, Sault Ste Marie, Michigan, is supplying Christ Church, Nashville, for three months. During his ten years' rectorship of St. James' he paid off a \$30,000 debt, aroused much enthusiasm for missions, and in spite of a decreasing population maintained a steady growth in membership.

The noon-day services in Nashville downtown theatre have been taken week about by Bishops Winchester, Mikkell, Johnson, Maxon, Reese, and in Holy Week by the Diocesan. Large crowds have attended.

The Rev. Prentice A. Pugh, rector of Advent, Nashville, and dean of Nashville Clericus, has arranged many excellent exchanges and programs in Convocation. The Convocation will meet at Franklin, April 10-12.

The Rev. James R. Helm, of Winchester, becomes assistant to Dr. Wing, of St. Paul's, Chattanooga, beginning April 1.

St. Peter's, Nashville, has a new Parish House. The Rev. Henry Salmond is arranging an opening program.

CUBA.

Rt. Rev. H. R. Hulse, D. D., Bishop.

Notes Of Interest.

The Deanship of Holy Trinity Cathedral still remains vacant. The services are being cared for by the Bishop, Canon Houlder, Canon and Archdeacon Diaz, and the Archdeacon of Havana. The latter is also assisting with the preparation of the Confirmation class. The Palm Sunday, Holy Week, and Easter Services will be taken by the Bishop and Canon Houlder.

The Cathedral School for Girls in the Vedado, a suburb of Havana, and the Cathedral School for Boys in Marianao, a more distant suburb of the city, have experienced a very prosperous year, and the increase in numbers and efficiency is more than normal. The two schools are distinctly "American" schools, in which all the teaching, with the sole exception of the lessons in the Spanish language, is conducted in English.

Calvario Mission in Jesus del Monte, another part of the city of Havana, under the direction of the Rev. Pablo Munoz, formerly a Roman Catholic priest, in addition to the regular services of an organized mission, has a day school for the benefit of the children of that neighborhood, who for the most part are of the less wealthy class. All the teaching in this school is conducted in the Spanish language.

The Rev. A. L. Proseus, missionary in charge of the work at Guantanamo, has experienced a sad affliction which may result in the loss of one or both eyes. He is away on sick leave, in the United States, for treatment, where it is hoped that he may find complete or partial relief. In his absence the Archdeacon of Havana is taking the Holy Week and Easter services in Guantanamo.

There is a vacancy also at La Gloria in the Province of Camaguey. The services are under the temporary care of the Rev. Juan McCarthy, of Camaguey.

W. W. S.

MISSISSIPPI

Rt. Rev. T. DuB. Bratton, D. D., Bishop
Rt. Rev. W. M. Green, D. D., Coadjutor

St. Andrew's Church, Jackson.

Bishop William Mercer Green, Bishop-Coadjutor of the Diocese, visited the Parish the fifth Sunday in Lent and administered the rite of Confirmation to a class of thirty persons, presented by the rector, the Rev. Walter B. Capers, D. D. This is the sixth confirmation class presented by Dr. Capers within the past year.

At the beginning of the Lenten season, the rector's Men's Bible Class and the St. Andrew's Brotherhood, obligated themselves to a minimum attendance at the night services through Lent of two hundred, and an attendance of seventy-five men at the rector's Bible

class. Both these goals have been attained. In addressing the Men's Bible Class Sunday, Bishop Green spoke of the growth of St. Andrew's Parish as an encouragement and inspiration to the entire Diocese, and urged the hearty cooperation especially of the men of St. Andrew's, in assisting the Bishops and Committee in raising the \$360,000 endowment for the schools of the Diocese, namely, All Saints' College, Vicksburg, and the Okalona and the Vicksburg Industrial Schools for colored students.

M. W.

NORTH DAKOTA.

Rt. Rev. J. P. Tyler, D. D., Bishop.

Lenten Services at the Cathedral.

In the absence of a Dean at Gethsemane Cathedral, Fargo, the week-day Lenten services, at the request of the Bishop, are being conducted by the lay men and women of the parish with a fine spirit and efficiency. A service every Tuesday afternoon under the auspices of the Woman's Auxiliary; every Thursday afternoon a special service for children and young people conducted by St. Cecelia's Guild and every Friday evening Evening Prayer and address conducted by the men of the Men's Club.

Interesting Meeting of Bishop and Council.

The February meeting of the District Bishop and Council was well attended, not only by the members of the Council, but being a pre-Lenten meeting, the Bishop had requested all the clergy to be present where possible, and only three were absent.

Reports from the various Departments were read showing activity and progress along the different lines of work in which they are engaged. The Bishop appointed the Rev. Charles W. Baxter chairman of the District Department of Religious Education to take the place of the Rev. H. F. Kroman.

Of special interest was the report of some of the work done by the Department of Social Service, as made by the Chairman of that Department, the Rev. Chas. Leo Abbott. He spoke of the bringing to the motion-picture houses in three different places in North Dakota the beautiful picture, "From the Manger to the Cross." How much it was enjoyed by the boys and girls in the town particularly, and how much good it had done. It is the aim of this Department to have put on the screen in North Dakota more wholesome series of pictures, and the success of this picture proved to the managers of the picture houses that such pictures were popular and successful, and they have promised their cooperation with the Social Service Department in trying to secure more pictures of this nature. Although the state at present is doing nothing along this line, Mr. Abbott is earnestly working to influence it to do so. Mr. Abbott is also endeavoring through his Department to help in the unemployment situation.

Rev. Alexander Coffin, Chairman of the Department of Field Service of the Council, attended the Conference of Diocesan Executive Secretaries at St. Louis in January, and brought back to the Council a most interesting and instructive report of the Conference, and a stirring message to all present to get behind the program for the next three years with all their might.

Family Department

MARCH.

31. Easter Even.

APRIL.

1. Easter Day.
8. First Sunday after Easter.
15. Second Sunday after Easter.
22. Third Sunday after Easter.
25. Wednesday. S. Mark.
29. Fourth Sunday after Easter.
30. Monday.

Collect for Easter Even.

Grant, O Lord, that as we are baptized into the death of Thy blessed Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, so by continually mortifying our corrupt affections we may be buried with Him; and that through the grave, and gate of death, we may pass to our joyful resurrection; for His merits, Who died, and was buried, and rose again for us, Thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Collect for Easter Day.

Almighty God, Who through Thine only begotten Son, Jesus Christ, hast overcome death and opened unto us the gate of everlasting life; we humbly beseech Thee that, as by Thy special grace preventing us, Thou dost put into our minds good desires, so by Thy continual help we may bring the same to good effect, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

One Who Loved Him.

When Mary thro' the garden went,
There was no sound of any bird,
And yet, because the night was spent,
The little grasses lightly stirred,
And flowers awoke, the lilies heard.

Whn Mary thro' the garden went,
The dew lay still on flowers and grass
The waving palms above her sent
Their fragrance out as she did pass,
No light upon the branches was.

When Mary thro' the garden went,
Her eyes, for weeping long, were dim,
The grass beneath her footsteps bent,
The solemn lilies, white and slim,
These also stood and wept for Him.

When Mary thro' the garden went,
She sought within the garden ground
One for Whom her heart was rent,
One Who for her sake was bound—
One Who sought, and she was found.
—M. E. Coleridge.

Easter—The Day of the Triumph.

Easter is the Day of the Triumph. It is not the day of the victory. That was won on Calvary. Before the sheer courage, the undaunted faith, the divine love of the Son of God, the powers of darkness and of sin went down to defeat in the battle of the cross. On the cross "He made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in it."

But gaunt and worn, with bleeding hands and feet and wounded side, the thorn-crowned Victor bears no token of His victory. The world looks on and scoffs. Even to the eye of faith the cause seems lost; the kingdom of the disciples' dreams is but a dream, for the Master is gone.

And then Easter dawns. The King lives. He returns for His triumph. In radiant strength, in immortal joy He is revealed. Here is the revelation of

His triumph. Hope is restored. Faith is made strong. Joy abounds. Easter is the perpetual witness, the living symbol, if one may so put it, of the real values embodied in the tragedy of Calvary. Love and self-sacrifice and goodness and truth appeared to perish there; but Easter reveals that those eternal values did not, nay, could not perish. Enshrined in the strong Son of God, He unconquered brings them to victory. The Easter revelation gives us vision of those things which are eternal and unconquerable. It is certainty for the present and promise for the future of the things which count most.

This Easter message touches our lives at many points. It brings joy to the harassed and perplexed. The cross outside Jerusalem stood against the sky and was seen of all; but many a soul fights out its battle with darkness and despair upon a cross unseen by others. For such a soul perhaps everything has gone wrong. The problem of living has become increasingly hard. Money is scarce. Health is poor. Friends are indifferent. How many of us have known times when life seemed all "out of joint" and the worse because no one else understands. God may be "in His heaven." He certainly does not seem to be in His world. We have been honest and faithful and pure. We have tried to be unselfish. We have fought hard and bravely; but—the powers of darkness seem to have won. Easter is for such souls. It bids them look beyond Calvary and see the shining of the Easter dawn. It gives them vision of the thorn-crowned sufferer rising in radiant splendor to His triumph. It says to them in the language of every day: Your courage has won; your purity and steadfastness are victorious. You possess already the only things which really count. You are the victor. In the real world which lies behind those things of matter and of sense you ride with Christ in the triumph.

It brings hope to the one who hungers and thirsts after righteousness. Many a man fights hard for the victory over sin.

How the powers of darkness
Rage his step around,

and yet he has so little success. Day by day he seems to be defeated. Day by day sin gets the better of him until he wonders whether it is in him at all to win. What use is it to keep on trying? Jesus goes down to defeat in Calvary. The good is perpetually wrecked by the bad. Is it not a hopeless business, this effort for perfection? To such a soul Easter is a great and shining stream of light and hope. Calvary was not defeat. The real victory is with Jesus. This battling nature of ours, so frail and sinful, in its loyal battles, in its struggles of faith, in its set of will is already the victor. In the radiance of the Risen Christ is the revelation of what we really are, and the promise of our future.

No message would seem to be more needed, let us note finally, more comforting and strengthening for our world today. The free nations make valiant fight to save the world from slavery; and then out of that victory there comes not a new world order; but trouble heaped upon trouble and evil upon evil. Famine and oppression, of

revolution and war are rife. Industrial struggle is bitter and the way of the peace-maker is hard. Lawlessness among the highest as well as among the lowest, extravagance everywhere—the world is indeed a sad and evil world in which no man seems to know the way, a world where "ignorant armies cloak by night," a world where crosses are raised daily for those who struggle for the good. The powerful and not the meek possess the earth. "Blessed are ye poor," cried the Master on the hills of Galilee. "Blessed are ye rich," cry His followers today.

Why then the battle? What is the use of the fight? The victory has gone against the King of Love. Calvaries dot the earth and the powers of darkness rejoice.

But the disheartened soul has stopped at Calvary, has forgotten that over against Calvary is the tomb with the stone rolled away, that beyond Good Friday is Easter, that the radiant and immortal Son of God triumphs where once He hung suffering on the cross. Easter is the day for the disheartened and discouraged, for those who long for the kingdom and it comes not. For it brings the message that the kingdom has come; that Calvary is a throne; that the King has won; that eternal values hold the victory; that love is always conqueror so long as it remains love. The cause which for the moment enshrines truth and goodness and love may be beaten; but truth and goodness and love are never beaten. Good Fridays always lead to Easters. The suffering and defeated Son of Man upon the cross is the strong Son of God who rode upon His triumph on Easter morn.—Selected.

For the Southern Churchman.

Easter.

Helen Reed Powell.

A hush of expectation;
And in that brooding silence, the world
To harmony attuned
Awaits the old, forever new, the Season's
Queen,
The miracle of Spring.

Not yet the riotous song birds
Pour forth their joyous singing notes.
Each leaf and bud
Still folded deep in sleep, yet stirs in the
winds caress,
The March winds summoning.

Soon quickening earth and air
Their Lenten season shall have spent;
A thousand birds
In flashing colors gay, shall sing in their
green cathedral,
A thousand leafy trees.

For the Southern Churchman.

Christ Is Risen!

L. C. Cummings.

Every human being must feel the weight of the cross of Christ upon his own shoulders, in order to discover that instead of crushing him to earth, it lifts him above the blinding clouds, into the clear atmosphere of faith; not unlike the birds who do not feel the weight of the wings which bear them upward.

Had Jesus been only a perfect man He would have been forgotten, as thousands of other good men have been during the centuries past, in spite of any conspiracies of men or times, "to foist a delusion upon the world."

Yet we find Jesus, though hated and hunted for ages by all the subtleties of atheistic and agnostic doubt, today

shines forth resplendent in glory, before a worshipping world as Christ the Saviour of mankind, the very Son of God.

Indelibly inscribed upon the tablets of every Christian heart around the world, the sacred fact and theme of ages, still rings clear and plain, that Jesus manifest for a space in the flesh, crucified, dead and buried, rose from the grave and ascended into heaven, for the salvation of every human being who believes upon Him; and with the countless hosts of saints and martyrs we may join in the sacred chorus, Christ is Risen!

But very worms of the dust, it is perhaps not strange that some of mankind, with no sight or vision beyond that circumscribed by the insignificant horizon, as related to space, of the world upon which they live, should fail to grasp and comprehend the majesty and salvation of Christ, the God who made all.

It is perhaps stranger that such insignificant atoms of creation as humanity, and such a vast majority of them in all ages, should be able to visualize, affirm and appropriate a so colossal, blessed and glorious salvation!

Rejoice, rejoice, believers, for "Christ has risen and men shall not die."

For the Southern Churchman.

"Christos Anesti."

By William A. Lloyd, of Sydney, Australia, Correspondent With the Greek Army in Asia Minor and Thrace.

At the close of 1921, in the course of my work, it became necessary for me to visit certain parts of Asia Minor situated in the war zone. There were no boats running on account of the danger. The Greek authorities in Constantinople very kindly placed a destroyer at my disposal, the "Nike" ("Victory"). Before leaving Constantinople the American Near East Relief representatives there asked the Greek authorities if the "Nike" might call at Derindje, in the gulf of Ismid, and load some relief-stores for distribution to the Christian refugees in the Broussa district. The Greeks gladly gave the required permission.

We reached Derindje without mishap. While the "Nike" was loading I went ashore, and was courteously conducted over to the Near East Relief depot by the local representative. While talking to some of the refugees—men, women and little children—I was surprised and delighted to meet an old friend—a Greek priest whom I had known many years previously.

He was just a typical Greek priest, like one meets everywhere in the Near East. His coat, once black, was now green with the rays of many summers, his hands were hard with toil, as were the hands of the Galilean fisherman, for his little flock were poor and he shared their poverty. In imagination I can see him now, as I have so often seen him in reality, his kindly old wrinkled face eloquent testimony of a life of devotion and self-denial in the service of the little flock which Christ had committed to his care. My memory went back many years, and I could still see him at the Horea Pyle—the Beautiful Gate of the Altar—imparting his blessing to his spiritual children. And as I recalled the beatific vision, I clasped both his hands. Reversing the usual process, for, in the East, it is customary to kiss the hand of the stewards of the Holy Mysteries, he would have kissed my hand. But I would not allow that, and when we had both mastered our emotion, he told me the

story of the long years since we had met.

And this is the wonderful story the old priest told me. A band of Turks had one day descended on his village. There was the usual scene of murder and outrage. The Turks forcibly abducted many of the young women, and even little girls of tender years. Better, far better had they shared the fate of their parents. Together with a remnant of his little flock, he had managed to escape. For days they had wandered, footsore and weary, living on herbs and the leaves of trees. Some of them died by the way, and were laid to rest with the rites of the Church they had loved so well in life, and for which they had suffered so cruelly during the long Turkish night. At last some of them refused to go any further. The old priest reasoned with them, and told them of the sufferings of the Man of Sorrows. But they would not listen to him. "There is no Christ," they said. "He is dead, and it is better that we die, too, and end all our misery."

Then, shortly afterwards, by accident the little band stumbled on the tracks of some American Near East Relief workers. When the old priest saw the American flag he pointed to it, and with the tears streaming down his face, cried, "See, my children, it is not true; He is not dead—Christos Anesti! Christ is risen." When the weary wanderers understood what had happened, they fell on each others' necks and sobbed, "Alithos Anesti," "He is risen indeed."

And the story of the old priest is by no means exceptional, as all who are familiar with the work of the Near East Relief in these stricken lands will tell you.

It is customary in all countries to associate the flag with military and naval victories. We decorate those who have shown valor on the field of battle, and raise monuments to the fallen. This is good, and it is only natural that we should honor those to whom we owe so much. But there is other glory than military or naval glory, and we sometimes forget this fact. There is the glory of the little mother who stays at home, patiently awaiting the return of the loved one. All the glory and the sacrifice is not confined to the field of battle. But in all my experience, in all my reading, I have never heard of a greater tribute being paid to any flag than that of my old Greek priest. I shall never see him again, but I shall never forget him.

Providence willed that I should owe allegiance to another flag, but every time I see the Stars and Stripes I raise my hat to his memory, and to the honor of the flag that symbolized to him, and to that little band of martyrs, the Risen Christ—Christos Anesti!

The Grace of Faithfulness.

We ought to get the idea firmly fixed in our mind that to serve faithfully in any capacity is to serve God. If the task is to be done and lies to our hand, it becomes a sacred thing, as it is done faithfully and to the full measure of our ability, no matter of what nature it is in itself. If we get such a conviction as that it will not only mean a fresh sense of satisfaction in our work, which is something greatly to be desired, but it will mean as well better work from day to day and hour to hour. And such better work cannot but ultimately commend the religion which we profess. In the end it will come to be understood that better work in the factory and shop and in the affairs of the city and the State is to be expected of a man just because

he is a Christian, and when that time comes our religion will have a commendation that cannot escape notice. By faithfully rendering unto Caesar the things that are his, we shall have succeeded in rendering unto God the things which are His. In other words, our faithfulness shall have become a real grace.—Selected.

For the Southern Churchman.

Winding the Mort.*

Clara D. MacLean.

Stand, radiant Angel, on the eternal heights
That edge the pathless desert of despair,
Where the foul Terror bath his horrid lair,
Coiled thro' the dread days and unending nights,
And awful dusk with visions vile affrights—
Oh, stand and sound the call afar, anear!
Summon the souls haunted by deathful fear!
Sound! for the mighty Captain with him fights,
And all the wilderness is flecked with gore!
No more the orphan's wail, the widow's tear—
No more the strenuous strife, the unanswered prayer—
Sound, glorious Gabriel! Let the summons soar!
And blow a blast the universe shall hear,
For War is ended, Death is dead forevermore!

*A phrase in the parlance of English hunters to denote the death of the stag and end of the hunt.

The Portrait of Christ.

The gospels nowhere describe Christ's character. They nowhere tell us that He was dignified under insult, calm before opposition, submissive under suffering, indignant at the sight of hypocrisy, sympathetic with sorrow. These characteristics are manifested by Him, but never affirmed of Him. They appear only in His words and acts. The writers of the first three gospels make no attempt at delineation; they are apparently quite unconscious that they are giving to the world a portrait; they make Christ speak and act before us, and we form our judgment of His character independently, as if we had seen and heard Him ourselves. Whatever feeling may spring from reading the gospels, they are never the result of sympathy with the writers. There is no writing for effect, no exhibition of their own opinions, but an unadorned narrative which simply recounts the words and works of Christ. From these we get a distinct conception of this divine-human character.—J. Strong.

Marcus Dods gives us the thought that as in nature, especially manifest in the springtime, there is life abundant moving through all her pulses and exuberantly bringing forth life in inconceivable variety of forms: "So there is a source of spiritual life, a force sufficient to uphold all men in righteousness and in eternal vitality of spirit and which can give birth to ever new and varied forms of heroic, holy and godly living—a force that is ever pressing forward to find expression through all moral beings and capable of making all human action as perfect, as beautiful and infinitely more significant than the products of physical life which we see around us."

For the Young Folks

For the Southern Churchman.

Easter Lilies.

Eugenia Bragg Smith.

Easter lilies fair and pure,
As the driven snow so white,
Harbingers of Christ's own day—
Tell us of the Easter bright.

Raise thy stately forms with pride,
Bend thy modest heads with grace,
Keep thy spotless selves as pure
As thy Master's own sweet face.

Emblems true of purity,
Gaze we on thee with delight,
Lend thy fragrance sweet and fresh,
On this Easter morning bright.

For the Southern Churchman.

The White Hyacinth.

M. L. G.

When Evelyn Graham went to the city one week in March, to visit her Aunt Anna, she saw many wonderful things, and had many happy times. But the most beautiful place, as she told her mother when she came home, was a florist's shop, where Aunt Anna had bought two dozen bright carnations to send a friend in the hospital. While Aunt Anna selected them, Evelyn wandered about from one glass case to another, gazing at the blooming roses, violets and lilies on their cool beds of moss. Here in one corner were rows of potted plants. Oh, how lovely the hyacinths looked to the little girl's country eyes, not like the thin rows of purple bells in the garden at home. These were rich, full clusters, of coral, palest pink, lavender or white. Evelyn stood looking and drinking in their fragrance so that she did not know Aunt Anna was ready to go, until she touched her shoulder. Then Evelyn looked up to see Aunt Anna and the kindly looking old gentleman who had waited on her, and both were smiling at her.

"I believe this is a little girl who will enjoy a hyacinth of her own," said the old gentleman. "Wait a minute," and he disappeared, to come back in a moment with a small package.

"There's a hyacinth bulb," he said, putting the parcel into Evelyn's eager hand, "and if you plant it in the earth I've wrapped up in a bag for you, and keep it warm, but not too warm, and moist, but not too moist, you should have a lovely cream-white hyacinth by—well, by Easter Day."

Evelyn could hardly say "Thank you, sir," so full of happiness was she. And when she went back to her home in the country, after two days, she kissed everybody, and took off her hat and coat as quickly as she could, so eager was she to plant her hyacinth bulb. Her mother gave her a pot of just the right size, with its own earthenware saucer. Every day Evelyn watched, and at last she saw the green shoots showing above the earth.

"The gentleman said it might bloom by Easter," she told her mother. "Don't you think we might take it to the church, and put it in the Good Shepherd window?"

"Why, of course we might," said her mother. "I know all the ladies would be glad of a blooming plant to help

decorate the church for Easter; and if you want it in the Good Shepherd window you can ask Miss Elsie, and I think she will say yes."

Evelyn's big brother Lawrence was sitting on the edge of the table, eating an apple and whittling on a forked stick. He did both these things at once, by taking a very big bite and then working on the stick until it was gone; then another bite, then more whittling. Lawrence was, as Evelyn said, "at the teasin' age"; and she was at the age when little girls don't like to be teased.

"That tulip," said Lawrence, "will never go to church. I bet there's a cut-worm in the earth—"

"No, sir, there's not!" cried Evelyn, her eyes filling. "You're just too teasing. It isn't a tulip, anyway; it's a hyacinth."

"Now, now, Lawrence," said mother; and Lawrence took an extra big bite of apple to hide his grin.

In a few days Evelyn and her mother could see the thick stalk among the leaves. She remembered the advice the gentleman had given her, and took great care to keep the hyacinth "warm, but not too warm; and moist, but not too moist." And so, on Easter Even, it stood, "just on the edge of blooming," Evelyn told mother, and filling the room with fragrance. Miss Elsie had said it should certainly go in the Good Shepherd window; and Evelyn was to carry it as she went to Sunday school.

Easter morning was so lovely, with bright sunshine, budding trees and blooming shrubbery—forsythia and red-bud and spirea—that Evelyn thought to herself, "I could tell this is Easter, just to look at it!" She carried the hyacinth, now in full bloom, to the porch and put it on the top step, while she ran back to get her mite-box. Lawrence had been waiting for her, and unluckily he had with him his gravel-shooter, which he had been working on the day he sat on the kitchen table and ate apple and teased Evelyn about her hyacinth. Lawrence didn't mean the least bit of harm. There was the hyacinth and there was his gravel-shooter; and Lawrence shut one eye, and took aim, "not really meaning to hit it," as he explained to mother afterward; but the tiny pebble flew too straight. The green stem snapped off, and the lovely plume of cream-white flowers tumbled over the top step just as Evelyn opened the front door.

"Oh, my flower!" she cried. "Oh, it is broken! Oh, mother, mother!" And she ran back to sob out her trouble in her mother's ready arms.

In a minute Lawrence came in, red-faced and very much ashamed. He tried to tell Evelyn he was sorry, and how he would prop it up again with a little stick, and tie it so firmly nobody would ever know. But Evelyn would not speak to him, even when he had tied it, very neatly, and it didn't wobble the least bit. It seemed as if her pleasure in the hyacinth and in Easter Day itself was all gone. Her eyes were so red and swollen from crying that her mother thought she had better lie down and get her face and her thoughts in order again. So Lawrence went off to Sunday school alone, carrying his mite-box and Evelyn's and the propped-up hyacinth, and a very sober face.

At church time Evelyn came with her father and mother; but, though father held her hand, the thing she liked best

of all, her steps dragged, and she still would not speak to Lawrence when he met them at the church gate to tell her that her teacher wanted her to carry the banner at the children's service in the afternoon.

She sat at the inside end of the pew, with mother next, then Lawrence, and father at the end. There was the white hyacinth, among a mass of green, in the Good Shepherd window; but it seemed to her to be wilting a little; anyhow, the tears that filled her eyes blurred the flower and the green and the window all together. So she didn't look again, until in the long Te Deum (when mother let her sit down), her eyes went back to the Good Shepherd window because she was so used to enjoying that when she couldn't follow the service. This time she looked above the hyacinth, up to the kind and tender face of the Good Shepherd.

"I haven't thought of Him before, today," she said to herself, "and it is His day, too."

And soon her thoughts went from Him to Lawrence; for all true thinking about our risen Lord brings us to thoughts of our brothers, as His own thought when He rose was for His brethren.

Evelyn did not know much about forgiveness. It was a long word, and, like other words in the Creed—communion, and everlasting—she was waiting to grow up to it, as mother said she would do. But Lawrence, who felt too guilty and ashamed to take part in the service, was surprised at having his hand grasped by two warm, eager ones, and hearing a whisper (for Evelyn had slipped around her mother to reach him)—"Don't mind any more, Lawrence; I don't, and it's Easter Day!"

For the Southern Churchman.

Ring Easter Bells.

Martha A. Kidder.

Ring Easter bells, your music swells,
To Christ your homage pay!
Ye sons of men rejoice again
This happy festal day!
In the midst of sin and strife
Jesus lives to give us life.

Ye flowers fair on altars rare
Your Easter message say
In fragrance sweet as brothers meet
To praise this joyful day!
Let creation join the song
Of the ages, sweet and strong.

For the Southern Churchman.

The Life of Our Lord.

William Wodhanil,
Aged 13.

In the days of King Herod there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be taxed and every one went to their own city.

Joseph and Mary came up from Gallilee to Bethlehem, and as there was no room in the inn they sought shelter in a stable, and Mary was blessed with a child who was Christ the Jesus.

The wise men and the shepherds heard of it and came to bring gifts. But the wise men had told Herod and he was mad with rage, but did not show it, and told them to come and tell him where He was, but they were warned by the angels, and Herod had all the babies, two years old or younger, killed, and these were the first martyrs of Christ. But Jesus had been brought to Egypt by Joseph, whom the angels warned, and so escaped this awful slaughter.

When He was twelve years old He

went to the Feast of the Passover, and wandered away to the temple and to speak to the learned men. When Joseph and Mary found Him they asked Him why He wandered away, and He answered them saying: "Did ye not know that I must be about my Father's business?" And this was the beginning of His ministry.

Then He went back home and stayed there eighteen years learning His trade and studying the Scriptures.

One day while John was preaching by the Jordan, Jesus came and got baptised and, while He was walking away, a voice came out of heaven saying: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased"; and He knew that His work had begun, so He went up into the wilderness and prayed and fasted forty days and nights and the devil came to Him and tempted Him three times, but He only rebuked him and sent him away.

One day Jesus met Andrew and John and He asked them to become disciples and told them many wondrous things, and Peter was so thrilled that he went and got his brother and another man and soon after they were twelve in all.

As Jesus was walking through Jerusalem He went to the temple and there He found peddlers selling things, so He knotted some cords and beat them out. Another time when it was near the Feast of the Passover Jesus turned His face toward Judea. As He went through Perea there came to Him mothers bringing their children to be blest. The disciples thinking He was too busy told the mothers to take them away. But Jesus showed that He was never too busy to see the little children, and said unto them, "Suffer the little children to come unto me for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." And this showed that Jesus was kind and yet strict.

Another time He was preaching in a house and some men came and let their friend through the roof and Jesus looked at him and said, "Thy sins are forgiven thee, take up thy bed and walk." While Jesus was in Tiberius, a leper came to Him and said, "If Thou wilt Thou canst make me clean," and Jesus saw that he believed and He touched him and made him whole, and this shows that He could heal both body and soul.

One day Jesus brought Peter, James and John up into the mountain while He prayed, and they went to sleep and when they awoke they saw Him in raiment white, talking with Moses and Elijah, and a voice came out of heaven saying, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

While Jesus was walking through Jericho He saw a man up in a tree and He went over and asked him his name and he said, Zaccheus, and that he was a tax collector and had cheated the people out of their money, but he would give half his money to the poor and he would pay back the evil-gotten money in four times as much, and Jesus went to his house to talk to him. This was one of the many men Jesus got away from their bad doings.

Sunday Jesus sent His disciples to a field to get a donkey, and when it came He rode upon it through the streets of Jerusalem, and the people were running before Him and singing and waving palms, but He knew that within a week they would be beating Him with the same palms. Thursday night He went with His disciples, Peter, James and John to the Mount of Olives to pray, and while He was praying the Roman soldiers came to Him, and Judas ran up and kissed Him, and Jesus said, "Judas betrayest thou Son of Man with a kiss?" The guard rushed forward to grab Jesus, but Peter was now

awake and cut off the ear of the nearest man to him. Jesus said to him, "put up thy sword," and He went up to the man and healed the ear. Friday in the council hall Pilate asked the people whether they wanted Barrabas, a murderer, or Jesus, delivered to them, and they said Barrabas and he said what should he do with Jesus, and they said, "Crucify Him!" So Jesus was led by the soldiers and made to carry His cross while they spit upon Him and put upon Him a crown of thorns and they saw a man called Simon and they told him to carry the cross and he did it, and his two sons grew up to be apostles of Christ. With Jesus they nailed two robbers.

When Jesus was taken down they laid Him in a tomb and put a guard there and when Mary and Mary Magdalene went to the tomb they saw the stone rolled away, but the angel said, "Fear not, for the Lord is risen," and they went to tell John and Peter. Forty days after the resurrection, during which all His friends and disciples saw Him, and went with Him, Jesus ascended into heaven.

For the Southern Churchman.

If We Would Sing.

Lucy Lyne.

The Spring's approaching hither,
Ye may not if ye will
Keep back the bursting budlets,
Nor the violets on the hill,
For it is God's plan that nature
Shall shake off the wintry chill,
And awake the sleeping verdure,
And call out the song-bird's trill.

Look up! a Spring is speeding!
Its glories you may see,
If you'll push aside the shadows
That so nigh encompass thee.
He wills it thus who made us:
His praises we would sing,
We must open our hearts to gladness
And to beauties of the Spring.

For the Southern Churchman.

BIG THOUGHTS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

Patience.

The Rev. Thos. F. Opie.

This is a restless age. The people are excitable and emotional. The young people are "always on the go"—and are impatient to a fault. It is hard to be patient in an age when events move so rapidly and when everything and everybody seem to be going at break-neck speed. To sit quietly and peacefully when all about us is moving at high speed is almost too much to expect of boys and girls who are full of life and vim.

And yet, patience is a virtue that we all need to cultivate—both young and old. Children must be more patient with father and mother (and father and mother with children!) When mother calls and you are busy at play or at your own pleasure, it is not very nice to fret and frown and get "out of sorts"—is it? It takes the grace of patience to be sweet about it, does it not?

Patience in Church, too, is difficult, but if you are to be benefited by the services and get anything from the worship and the sermon, you must sit patiently and be interested in what is taking place. You do not get out of patience at the movies, or at parties—why not try to be the same in Church?

Then so many people are impatient at the telephone. If they do not get their number at once, or if they get the wrong number, or if some one calls their num-

ber by mistake, they get all in a swivet! But what's the use? It does not get one anywhere, does it? You see, we do such foolish things, and such useless and ugly things, we impatient human folk. These are habits that are shown in older folks—and it is because they did not in early life learn the lesson of patience.

When you are waiting your turn in line—at school, at the post-office, at the movie window, etc., where each is supposed to take his or her turn, according to their places in line, it is very necessary to be patient and not want to crowd or to "get-a-head." Many older folks have never learned this, and in a crowd they often show that they were not properly raised in this particular. It is an important lesson to learn, and you cannot learn it too soon.

So you see this thing of patience is a matter that comes up almost everywhere—in the stores, in the home, at school, in play, in the Church services, and wherever you may be. You are known by the manners you have, and if you have not these sweet manners, you are not very highly thought of, and you do not reflect much credit upon your father and mother and your home training.

Did you ever think how very patient God is? See how patient Nature is—never in a hurry—just taking the rain and the sunshine and the change of seasons and the changes of the weather and all things as calmly and peacefully as you please. But how some boys and girls do fret and frown if the rain or weather interferes with their little plans for the day! It takes the highest kind of self-control to be patient and to take things as they come and to be sweet and kindly and calm and undisturbed, when things are not just as we would like to have them—and yet that is what we should do. When you feel in a temper and out of sorts, and fretful and impatient, just think of the patience of Jesus and ask Him to make you gentle and peaceful and patient, for patience is indeed a "virtue," one of the finest of all the Christian virtues. Learn to wait. Learn to be quiet. Learn to be patient.

For the Southern Churchman.

The Feast of the Passover.

Eugenie du Maurier.

The festival kept by all Jewish people in memory of their coming out of Egypt after they had been so cruelly oppressed by the powerful Egyptians, is called the Passover. The night before the Israelites' departure from Egypt a destroying angel slew all the first-born of the Egyptians and passed over the houses of the Hebrews without entering them. That is why it is called the Passover. Even now this feast is to all the Jewish people the great event of the year. At the time the angel passed over the house of the Jewish people without entering them the Jewish houses, at the command of God, had been marked with the blood of a lamb, which, for this reason, was called the Paschal lamb. Directions for keeping this feast were carefully laid down in the Old Testament. It was to keep this feast and so fulfill the law that our Saviour and His disciples had gathered in that guest chamber when, for the first time, the words were said: "This is My body which is given for you." The Paschal lamb, which the Jews killed and whose blood saved them from the destroying angel, was a symbol of our Saviour's death and passion and of His blood shed for the salvation of the world.

Susie's Job and Aleck's.

"Grandma gave you the nicest job," grumbled Susie; "I believe she loves you best."

"Best—nothing!" answered Aleck, in boy lingo; grandma set me to drive the sheep 'cause I'm a boy, and 'cause I got a whip. Girls can't drive things!"

These two children had only slept a single night in the old-fashioned trundle-bed in the farmhouse where their father was born. But directly after breakfast they had asked for a job—something that papa used to do when he was little.

And now as Aleck was a good-hearted fellow, and did not like to see Susie vexed, he "swapped" jobs with her, and set off to pick raspberries, whistling like a red bird.

But alas for the folks that turn from their own work to snatch at other people's! Before Aleck had covered the bottom of his shining tin pail he heard loud screams from the lot, and, dropping the pail and berries, he flew to see what was the matter. Ah, the little red-frocked girl! She was flying—and screaming as she flew before the old turkey-cock, which, with a hateful sound of "gobble—gobble—gobble," was close upon her.

Dusty with her falls, and smeared with tears and grass stains, Susie sobbed on grandma's shoulder; "I tried to catch him—I thought—I thought he was a scarlet tanager, like the picture in my book!"

"And Mr. Turkey thought you were a little soldier coming to give him battle," laughed grandma.

"Next time I'll attend to my own job," said the little scholar, who had learned something that morning more important than the difference between a turkey-cock and a scarlet tanager.—Elizabeth Allan.

The Cave of the Colored Eggs.

When Rose came to grandfather's just before Easter she felt lonesome. Her mother was traveling miles away and would not be home for a month; but she began to feel happier when she remembered the six little Crane children who lived in the pine cabin on grandfather's place. She had played with them on her last visit. But before she and grandfather had driven half of the way home she learned that the Cranes had moved away.

"I'm sorry, Rosebud," grandfather said kindly, "but there isn't a youngster within three miles. Can't you get along with making the pets happy? There are some new kittens, a red calf, a brown colt and Bobby Burns. Your Aunt Sara and I will do our best to make things lively." Bobby Burns was the beautiful collie that was frisking ahead of the carriage.

"Oh, that's all right!" Rose assured him cheerfully.

But, although she really had a lovely time with the friendly pets, and although auntie cooked all of the good things that children like to eat, Rose secretly longed for a playmate.

"There is a little boy over that steep rocky hill," Aunt Sara told her one day. "I've seen him only once. His father goes to work in the woods, and Paul goes with him most of the time!" "Then he can't play with me," sighed Rose to herself.

But she forgot her disappointment when her aunt said that there was an Easter surprise hidden somewhere outdoors and that she must keep her eyes open for it when she had gathered the eggs.

"She didn't give me a hint, so I don't know 'when I'm hot and when I'm cold,'" laughed Rose, as she danced

away in the early spring sunshine. She patted Bobby Burns, who was going to help her hunt the surprise, and enjoyed picking the fuzzy lavender hepaticas that peeped up in spite of the snow.

"Let's pretend we're seeking a new country," she said to Bobby. "Oh, but this is a big hill! I never saw so many rocks in my life." Rose stopped to look at the farm buildings spread out below. "Why," she cried suddenly, "there's a big crack in that rock! Let's look in!"

The crack was a narrow gate that opened into an archway of rock. Bobby Burns and Rose entered curiously. "If it isn't a little cave!" said Rose in delight. "A cosy one we could keep house in. What's this?"

In one corner she spied a sort of nest made of alfalfa, and Bobby was sniffing at the contents. Rose was down beside him in a moment to examine the treasures in the nest. There were four beautiful Easter eggs—pink and blue and yellow and lavender—and every one was marked with an "R."

"Oh," said Rose, "wasn't it dear of auntie to climb up here to hide my surprise? How did she guess that we'd come exploring?"

She picked up the four eggs and put them carefully into her pocket. Then she started down the hill.

At the chicken-yard gate she found Aunt Sara, who looked anxious. When Rose showed her the eggs and thanked her, Aunt Sara was plainly puzzled. "But you haven't found my surprise!" she said. "I have no idea who hid those in the cave."

"Then I walked off with somebody else's eggs! Shall I take them back?" asked Rose.

It was decided that after dinner she should return the eggs to the cave. Meanwhile she and Bobby explored the corral, and in a warm corner of a shed she found a covered basket. Inside were a dozen cheeping downy yellow chicks, her Easter surprise.

When Rose again climbed the hill she thought she heard voices, and, walking softly round the big rock, she nearly stumbled over a boy and a girl at the mouth of the cave.

"Are you Paul?" asked Rose.

The boy nodded and then his eyes fell on the basket. "Did you get them?" he asked.

Rose explained. "I'm so sorry. I thought that Aunt Sara had hidden them for me when I saw the initial."

The little girl laughed. "He hid them for me. I'm his cousin Ruth and I came for Easter." But she insisted that Rose share the pretty eggs with her.

"Come home with me," Rose invited her.

Half an hour later the children were playing with the pets while Aunt Sara prepared a real Easter tea party with candy rabbits.

"Isn't it fine that we found each other," said Ruth, "for now we can play together?"

"Yes, in the Cave of the Colored Eggs," laughed Rose.—Youth's Companion.

The Best Side Out.

Even though Mrs. Butterfly did the most of her work of visiting the flowers during the day and Mrs. Moth spent her working hours at night, it did happen that occasionally Mrs. Butterfly met Mrs. Moth late in the afternoon. Mrs. Butterfly would be flying home to rest from her labors and would notice Mrs. Moth quietly resting on the top of a leaf, dozing away in the light of the setting sun.

On one of these occasions Mrs. But-

terfly stopped on the branch of the tree which held Mrs. Moth's leaf and said: "Mrs. Moth, don't think me impertinent, but would you mind telling me why it is that you sleep so?"

Mrs. Moth roused herself drowsily from her day-dream and said that she didn't quite understand. When Mrs. Butterfly had repeated the question, Mrs. Moth answered, smiling, "Well, really, I don't know, Mrs. Butterfly. I suppose that it is just natural for some of us to work at night and some in the daytime."

"Oh, I didn't mean that, Mrs. Moth! I beg your pardon for not making myself clear. I understand perfectly that you are better fitted to do your work at night and that it would be impossible for me to work in the dark. What I meant was this: Why is it that you never rest with your wings together, as we butterflies do? You always sleep; I've noticed, with your wings stretched out flat, so the tops of them will show. But we Butterflies fold ours so the tops will be together." Mrs. Butterfly looked as if she felt better after she had made this explanation and waited patiently for an answer.

Mrs. Moth looked just a bit embarrassed and hesitated. Then she shook her wings a little and roused herself as if she had made up her mind about something. Then she began: "Mrs. Butterfly, you've asked me to disclose a little secret—one that may not be complimentary to our family; but I rather think it may not be in our disfavor, after all. So I'm going to tell you about it.

"As a matter of fact, we Moths are not very attractive-looking on the underside of our wings. Our colors are pretty on the top side. Now, you Butterflies have almost as pretty coloring on the lower side as on the upper. For that reason you can well afford to fold your wings in such a way as to show the lower side of them when you rest. But our mothers have for generations taught us that we should live with our best side out. For the reason that we think our mothers have taught us well, we try, when we sleep and when we work, to hold our bodies so as to show the very best of ourselves." Mrs. Moth nodded her head emphatically, then, as if she meant to repeat that she thought the teaching of her mother was a good one. She looked to see what effect her words had had upon her friend.

"I hadn't thought of that as being the reason, Mrs. Moth, but it certainly is a good one," agreed Mrs. Butterfly. "Thank you so much for telling me about it." Then, having invited Mrs. Moth to call on her when she could, she waved her wings and flew away to rest, while Mrs. Moth roused herself to begin work for the night.—Presbyterian Banner.

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All notices and advertisements, excepting positions wanted, will be inserted in this department at a rate of 20 cents per agate line, each insertion. Special rates to contracts of any length. A rate of 15 cents per line is made to persons seeking positions. No advertisement accepted for less than 50 cents.

Copy for this department must be received not later than Tuesday of the week in which it is intended that the first insertion shall appear.

Marriage notices not exceeding forty words, \$1.00. Death notices, not exceeding forty words, inserted free. Over 40 words at the ordinary rate. Obituaries and resolutions, 20 cents per line. Six words to the average line.

Copy for this department must be received not later than Tuesday previous to the Saturday on which it is intended to be published.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

CHURCH WANTS LOAN.

WOULD YOU HELP DO GREAT WORK? IS YOUR MONEY NOW BRINGING YOU ONLY 3 or 4 per cent? Church in very heart of great city needs six thousand dollars at once. If you have any part of it to lend for six months or longer, will pay legal rate in this state—10 per cent interest payable quarterly. For particulars write:

L. L. S., 1406 Park Ave.,
Indianapolis, Ind.

PIPE ORGANS.

If the purchase of an organ is contemplated, address HENRY PILCHER'S SONS, Louisville, Kentucky, who manufacture the highest grade at reasonable prices. Particular attention given to designing organs for memorials.

HOME SCHOOL.

Retarded Children—An ideal suburban home, where a limited number of children of slightly retarded mentality can have individual instruction and care under teachers of twelve years' experience in this line of work. Address Miss Sue L. Schermerhorn, Colonial Place, Richmond, Va., R. F. D. 2.

ANTIQUES.

WE PAY THE HIGHEST CASH PRICES for old-time furniture and antiques of all kinds. H. C. Valentine, 209 East Franklin St., Richmond, Va.

TEACHERS WANTED.

MANY TRAINED, EXPERIENCED, Christian Teachers—needed on all departments of Schools and Colleges beginning September. Now is the time. Write today for information. The Westminster Teachers' Bureau, Henry H. Sweets, Manager, 410 Urban Building, Louisville, Ky.

BOARDING, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

THE AIRMEN, 20 South Iowa Avenue; near Board-Walk. Chelsea section; attractive home, enjoyable surroundings, excellent accommodations. Spring Season.

Cathedral Studio—English Church embroideries and materials, surplices, altar hangings, altar linens—stoles with crosses, \$7.50, plain \$5.50; gift stoles, \$12.50 up; burse and veil, \$15, \$20 up; vestments imported free of duty. Miss L. V. Mackrille, 11 W. Kirke St., Chevy Chase, Washington, D. C. Tel. Clev. 52.

CHILD'S HOME.

WANTED TO GIVE A MOTHER'S CARE and attention to several small children by a lady in a refined, Christian home. Terms moderate. Address Mrs. F. T. N. Seiden P. O., Gloucester Co., Va.

FOR RENT—STAUNTON, VA.

FURNISHED APARTMENT FOUR months from June 1. Modern, nice yards, porches. Good residential section. Ideal for any one wishing spend summer in mountains. Address Mrs. Carter Braxton, Staunton, Va.

GLOUCESTER COUNTY.

FOR RENT ON NORTH RIVER, Gloucester County, Va., bungalow, three bedrooms, two baths, electric light, running water, garden planted. Boating and fishing. Address S. C. Wolcott, Nuttall, Gloucester County, Va.

SITUATION WANTED.

ORGANIST.

LADY ORGANIST, EXPERIENCED AND specialist with children, wishes appointment; Church, School or Institution. Piano and Vocal. Address Mrs. Jones, 1201 E. Fourth Street, Winston-Salem, N. C.

WANTED, BY A REFINED VIRGINIA lady, Episcopalian, position as companion to lady, or young girls. Willing to travel. References exchanged. Address "H. V.," care of Southern Churchman.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED, A LADY TO HELP IN A Church orphanage. Duties are: Sewing classes, recreations, study hour, over-looking work of children. Address Church Home, 750 Jackson Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

EDUCATIONAL.

WANTED—FOR NEXT SESSION IN A Church boarding school for boys in Virginia, an experienced unmarried teacher, 24 to 38 years old, to specialize in History, Latin and English or Mathematics. Salary \$1,200 to \$1,500, according to experience had. Room and board furnished by the school. Address "X. C. Y.," care of Southern Churchman.

WANTED—EXPERIENCED WHITE nurse for child between two and three years. Address "E. H.," care of Southern Churchman.

TENOR.

TENOR WANTED, GOOD SALARY FOR competent singer. Apply to Robert Keisler, Director, Charlotte, N. C.

WANTED BY APRIL 1, TWO WOMEN, white preferred, one to cook and launder, the other to wait table and attend to house, in home of small family where electrical appliances are used; electric range, etc. Must be neat and clean, and have A1 references. Address Box 418, Warrenton, Va.

Obituaries

Frost: Died at the Orthopedic Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa., March 16, 1923, THOMAS LOWNDES FROST, of Marshall, Va., son of the late Dr. and Mrs. Henry Frost. He is survived by his wife, who was Elisabeth McGill Murray, and three children.

Wilmer: Entered into rest February 13, 1923, MARY HOUSE WILMER, second daughter of the late Rev. George T. Wilmer, D. D. After a long life she was taken away, and passes by death to life immortal.

McBryde: Died, March 20, 1923, JOHN McLAREN MCBRYDE, president emeritus Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

"... manhood fused with female grace
In such a sort, the child would twine
A trustful hand, unasked, in thine,
And find his comfort in thy face."

Hanckel: On March 7, at her home in Charlottesville, Va., IDA MACON HANCKEL, widow of the late Louis Trapman Hanckel, after much travail in the valley of shadows, entered into "high heaven, the Kingdom where the angels are at peace."

Purvis: Died Sunday, 25th instant, at 2 A. M., at "Riverview," Chattanooga, Tenn., the home of her daughter, Mrs. George D. Andrews, MRS. GEORGE E. PURVIS, who was formerly Miss Susie Eastin, born at Nashville, Tenn. Mrs. Purvis is survived by four daughters, Mrs. C. R. Snider, wife of Colonel Snider, U. S. A.; Mrs. George D. Andrews, of Chattanooga; Mrs. C. M. Reeves, of Sanford, N. C., and Mrs. O. Byrd Newton, of Roanoke, Va.

IN MEMORIAM.

CAPTAIN SAMUEL WIBERFORCE ANDERSON died on the 7th of December, 1922, at his home at the Warm Springs, Va., in the communion of the Catholic Church of Christ, in the confidence of a certain faith, and in the comfort of a reasonable, religious and holy hope. He was born at the home of his father and mother in Nelson County on the 5th of April, 1836. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. May McDonald Anderson, and his children, Miss Somers Anderson and Mrs. J. S. Read, and one granddaughter, Miss Jean McAllister. In all the relations of life he was found faithful, and a devoted

husband and father. As a Confederate soldier he made a good record. At the beginning of the War Between the States he organized Company G (the first company from Nelson County) Nineteenth Virginia Regiment, General Philip St. George Cooke's Brigade, Longstreet's Division. Although handicapped by near-sightedness, which lashed him through life, he obeyed the call of his native State to repel the ruthless invasion of the Northern Army, fighting bravely through the war. Having known this brave soldier from the time we first met in 1861 as members of General Philip St. George Cooke's Brigade, I can bear witness, not only to his loyal service as a Confederate soldier, but also as to his being a faithful soldier of the cross. He served for many years as a vestryman of the church at the Warm Springs, helping to keep the church open during the summer months. Being frequently a member of his household from the end of the war until his death, officiating time and again for the little flock of which he and his family were devoted members, it was my privilege as an intimate friend to test his character. He stood the test well, standing always for high integrity, loyalty and honor, and leaving to his dear wife and children the inheritance of a good name, which is "better than great riches." Good-night, dear brother—not good-bye—until we meet again in the morning of the resurrection, to be forever with Jesus and our loved ones in that blessed land where there is no more death.

March 2, 1923.

GILES B. COOKE.

MRS. ANNA ANDERSON ELY.

Entered into life eternal, on March 13, 1923, ANNA ANDERSON ELY, beloved wife of Richard Theodore Ely, of Madison, Wis., and daughter of Major Joseph Anderson, of Botetourt County.

As Anna Anderson, she spent a happy girlhood here in Richmond, and won for herself a large circle of devoted friends who now, after forty years of absence, still hold her in tenderest regard.

Her marriage to Professor Ely in 1884 took her first to Baltimore, where her husband was a member of the faculty of Johns-Hopkins University. When he was called in 1892 to found the School of Social Economics at the Wisconsin State University, his lovely young wife was a recognized addition to the cultured circle growing up with this great Western university.

Through all the succeeding years and up to the time of her death, Mrs. Ely's influence has been felt in every movement for civic and educational advance, while her charming personality won for her the reputation of being the most popular woman in Madison.

Through a long and trying illness her courage and hopefulness sustained those who suffered in her pain, and her brilliant mind kept its clearness to the last.

She is gone from our sight, but the brightness of her shining remains. A child of light, she has passed into the glory for which we must wait.

She is survived by her mother, Mrs. O. A. Crenshaw; by her husband, her sister, Mrs. Arthur Brown, of Evanston, Ill.; her three children, Richard S., John T. and Miss Anna Ely, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. John Thomas Anderson.

REV. ERNEST EARLE OSGOOD.

Resolutions of Emmanuel Church Vestry.

Not alone as the duly constituted officials of Emmanuel Church, but as individual friends and parishioners, the vestry record their sorrow and bereavement in the death of the REV. ERNEST EARLE OSGOOD.

For nearly twenty years Mr. Osgood labored in Emmanuel parish with body and brain, with heart and mind, with prayer and love for the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God and His Christ. And now, standing in the presence of his death, this church is able to see that he labored and we have entered into the fruits of his labors. Doubtless, in God's own time Mr. Osgood will know how fully his ideals for Emmanuel were realized. It was not so much growth in numbers as growth in spirit that he desired. He wanted Emmanuel to do its share in the support of the Church at large; he was proud of the high place taken by the Sunday school, the Juniors, the Woman's Auxiliary, the Daughters of the King, the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. But what he cared most for was not the outward and visible sign, but the inward and spiritual grace. It was not the praise of men, but the love of God, that he wished for his congregation. It was not an increase in wealth, but an increase in the will to serve, that he sought; and now, in the face of his swift taking off, we may justly say that his wish was realized. It is the well-weighed opinion of this vestry that Mr. Osgood, by his example, his precepts and his prayers, gave a

new impulse to Christian life for the parish and entire community. Leading the way to his Lord, he caused many to follow him into the fellowship of Christ, and leading us again to the full realization of the significance of Emmanuel, "God with us." His bodily presence has now been removed from our earthly vision, but we are well assured that the impress of his spirit, the appeal of his unselfishness, and the force of his faith will never pass from those souls whom he for twenty years had shepherd and loved.

Now that his guidance and care have been withdrawn, the vestry calls upon all members of Emmanuel to labor so that Mr. Osgood's work shall be perpetuated and extended by a new consecration of the membership of the parish in that life to which Mr. Osgood gave his body, soul and spirit.

It is such a life and death as Mr. Osgood's that makes us sure that to him has come that glorious welcome: "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Resolved, that we extend our deepest sympathy to the family of Mr. Osgood, praying that the God of peace may comfort them in their hour of trial, and that a copy of this memorial be sent to the family of Mr. Osgood, and also that this memorial be spread upon the minutes of this vestry, and be printed in the Southern Churchman.

T. CRAWFORD REDD,
JOHN STEWART BRYAN,
JOHN W. HIGGASON,
F. W. NELSON,
T. W. CHELF,
GEORGE T. WYATT,
R. A. LADD,
JOHN B. LADD,
ALLAN D. CRUTCHFIELD,
C. C. PINCKNEY,
W. I. FROMAN,
HARRY C. BEATTIE,
T. FRANCIS CROSS.

Henrico County, Va.

RESOLUTIONS

Adopted by the Vestry of St. Thomas' Church, March 11, 1923.

Richmond, Va.
Whereas, our Almighty Father, in His infinite wisdom, has been pleased to call to its heavenly abode the soul of our deceased brother, the REV. ERNEST EARLE OSGOOD, rector of Emmanuel Church:

Therefore, be it resolved by the vestry of St. Thomas' Church, that our hearts reach out in deep and tender sympathy for his bereaved family; that the congregation and vestry of Emmanuel Church have suffered a severe loss in the death of their beloved rector, whose personal and spiritual influence has always been helpful to the whole community; and that the Church in Richmond and Virginia will keenly feel the loss of one who was ever faithful to do the work of the Master wherever he found it.

Resolved further, that copies of these resolutions be sent to the family, to the vestry of Emmanuel Church, and to the Southern Churchman.

WM. P. REDD,
S. R. ROSE,
E. LORRAINE RUFFIN,
Committees.

WM. P. REDD, Registrar.

DR. H. H. STOEK.

Minute adopted by the Council of Administration of the Chapel of St. John the Divine at the University of Illinois consequent upon the sudden and lamented death of DR. H. H. STOEK, president of said Council and head of the School of Mining Engineering.

The members of the Council desire to record their keen sense of the loss which they personally, as well as the work of the Church in this community, have sustained in the death of their beloved colleague, Harry Harkness Stoeck. As a member of the University congregation and of the Chaplains' Council from the time of their original organization, he has given to this work, without stint, his wise counsel and his best strength in many forms of service. His friends will miss him sorely; but the inspiring example of Christian loyalty which he gave, not only to his associates, but to the whole community, will remain a lasting possession.

RESOLUTION.

When death visits a family, a church, a community, a thought comes to those who knew him, to those who were close to him, to those who loved him.

What manner of man was this?

Was his life worth while?

The answer is sometimes complex, a hesitancy to answer directly without reservation.

As to LAWRENCE STABLER, there is no difficulty.

YES. Absolutely YES.

His family, his church, every man and

woman in the city of Alexandria, who knew him, will unreservedly answer. YES.

He was of an old Quaker family, and inherited and followed their rigid rules of pure and correct living.

He followed his father into the Episcopal Church, as into his old home, from which Fox and Penn and their followers had, in old days, departed, seeking, what they believed, relief from law restriction upon individual religious belief and mode of living.

In his own home he found comfort and pleasure.

He became a vestryman, was long treasurer. He served many years faithfully and earnestly.

What his hand found to do, he did it with his might.

As St. Paul says:

"We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in the body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad."

We can confidently believe of our departed brother, Lawrence Stabler:

That what he did that was bad, was little.

That what he did that was good, was much.

That his "labour was not vain in the Lord."

Resolved, that we extend to his family our deepest sympathy in their affliction, and that this record be placed on our minutes and published.

Most sincerely,
THE VESTRY OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH,
Alexandria, Va.
JAS. S. SMYTH, Registrar.

CHURCH NEWS.

(Continued from page 18.)

NORTH CAROLINA.

Rt. Rev. J. B. Cheshire, D. D., Bishop.
Rt. Rev. E. A. Penick, D. D., Coadjutor.
Rt. Rev. H. B. Delaney, D. D., Suffragan.

Church of the Holy Comforter, Burlington.

An organization of the young women of the parish was recently effected, with a membership of about twenty. It has been named the St. Margaret's Guild, and is taking up a varied program, embracing study, social features, entertainment, parish aid, pageants, etc. It was lately decided that the Guild would support one of the children at the Thompson Orphanage in Charlotte, as one of its activities.

During Lent there have been weekly mission study classes, under the direction of the Woman's Auxiliary, with goodly attendance and marked interest. The subject of the study class has been the Program Presented, gotten out by the National Council. The class has been led by various women of the parish.

The several organizations of the parish are active and alert and recently the Ladies' Guild voted a \$200 gift to the rectory for curtains and other improvements. This guild has in hand a fund of about \$1,200 towards the proposed parish house to be erected later. The Rev. T. F. Opie is rector of the Church of the Holy Comforter.

Personal Notes

The Rev. Perry Austin, of St. Luke's Church, Kensington, Philadelphia, has been called to the rectorship of St. Luke's Church, Long Beach, Cal.

The Rev. J. Marshall Wilson has resigned St. Mary's Church, North East, Maryland, Diocese of Easton, and leaves May 1, to become Curate of Grace Church, Newark, New Jersey.

The Rev. John Grainger, rector of the Church of the Redeemer, Okmulgee, Oklahoma, has declined a call to be-

come rector of St. John's Church, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

The Rev. J. C. Ferrier, of Crapolive, Nebraska, has accepted a call to the Church of the Epiphany, Los Angeles.

The Rev. J. C. Ferrier, of Arapahoe, has been for the past four years rector of St. John's Church, St. Louis, Mo., has accepted a call to become a Canon of Holy Trinity Cathedral, Paris, France, in charge of St. Luke's Chapel in the Latin Quarter, and chaplain of the United States Students' and Acts' Club. He will take up his new duties September 1.

The Rev. William H. Cavanaugh, for many years rector of St. James' Church, West Philadelphia, has resigned his parish, which is temporarily in charge of the Rev. R. J. Morris.

DEATHS.

The Rev. Sidney T. Smythe, D. D., president and founder of St. John's Military Academy, Delafield, Wis., dropped dead on Saturday evening, March 3, in the gymnasium of the institution which he had founded, while witnessing a basketball game between groups of students.

The burial service was conducted on Tuesday afternoon, March 6. In the absence of Bishop Webb, who is in Florida, the Bishop of Fond du Lac officiated, with the Rev. Arthur H. Lord, rector of St. James' Church, Milwaukee, assisting.

The Rev. Henri B. B. LeFerre, chaplain of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company Sanatorium, Mount McGregor, N. Y., died very suddenly of heart disease on March 1.

Funeral services were held in St. Mary's Chapel, Mount McGregor, on Friday, March 2, and burial was in Evergreen Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Saturday, March 3.

The Rev. William R. Plummer, rector of St. Paul's Church, Evansville, Ind., and formerly archdeacon of the Diocese, died suddenly while administering the Holy Communion on February 28.

The funeral service was held in St. Paul's Church on March 2, the Bishop of the Diocese officiating, assisted by Archdeacon Eubanks and the Rev. Messrs. Comfort and Burrows.

Every one of us are privileged to say: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil." In the deepest gloom of this valley, as we grope through with those who are dearest to us, as we must some day go through it alone, we can hear the ring of the Shepherd's staff, as He finds the way for us.—Selected.

You must love the King before you can obey the laws of the Kingdom.

The Catholic Churchman

A monthly paper devoted to the twofold purpose of teaching in its fulness the Religion of Christ, and showing forth the essentially Catholic character of the Protestant Episcopal Church. April issue ready at Easter. Subscription 25 cents yearly. Contributors of the first rank.

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Permanent Waving

A guaranteed lasting wave by improved method. Your own hair made into Braids, Transformations, etc. Complete stocks of Hair Goods.

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209 N. Third St., Richmond, Va.

Freckles

Don't Hide Them With a Veil; Remove Them With Othine—Double Strength.

This preparation for the treatment of freckles is usually so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold under guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength Othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.

Spring Suits

For Men and Young Men

Quality that Lasts,
Styles that Attract,

Clothes that save you Money.

PRICES \$25.00 TO \$50.00

Horace S Wright Co.

"The Home of good clothes"

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Washington Cathedral

A Witness for Christ in the Capital of the Nation.

THE CHAPTER

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